# A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS

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# A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS

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# A Handful of Pleasant Delights (1584)

*By* CLEMENT ROBINSON *and Divers Others*

EDITED BY
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*New York University*

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# INTRODUCTION

THE *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, a miscellany of broadside ballads composed "by Clement Robinson and divers others," is preserved in a unique copy at the British Museum (press-mark C.39.b.46). It came into the possession of the Museum on October 4, 1871, and bears a printed note, clipped from the sale catalogue (1819, p. 164) of the White Knights Library, that runs as follows:

> This is presumed to be the ONLY PERFECT COPY of a very interesting Collection of Old Poetry, which acquires additional interest from the allusion made to the First Poem in the Collection, by the frantic Ophelia when strewing the flowers in her phrenzy: "There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance," &c. See Hamlet, Act IV. Scene V.

The note, however, is inaccurate, for the small quarto volume lacks one leaf (signature B vj). A number of pages, furthermore, are very badly blurred and faded, and others have key-words and signature-marks pared away by the binders. Several pages are almost undecipherable.

Because of Shakespeare's familiarity with it,[1] the *Handful of Pleasant Delights* has long interested scholars. While the single known copy was owned by John Brand and Colonel Byng, several students were permitted to examine it. Joseph Ritson[2] had seen it before 1802;

[1] See below, Notes *passim;* and Anders, *Shakespeare's Books*, pp. 166, 169, 173 f., 181, 191, 269. [2] *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 311.

George Ellis reprinted two ballads[1] from it in his *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (1803) and Sir Egerton Brydges two[2] in *Censura Literaria* (1808); Thomas Evans included several others[3] in his edition of *Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative* (1810); while, at about the same time, Edmond Malone, the well-known Shakespearean scholar, copied the entire book. His transcript remains in Bodley's Library. In 1815 Thomas Park copied the *Handful* and edited it in the second volume of his *Heliconia*.[4] At that time the little book had changed owners at a price that for those days was remarkably high. It brought £26 5*s*. at the Brand sale in 1807. The Marquis of Blandford (later the fifth Duke of Marlborough) was the purchaser. When his books (the White Knights Library) were sold in 1819, the *Handful* passed to the Perry library for £26 15*s*. 6*d*.; thence to the Jolley library in 1822 for £15; and finally, in 1844, to its last private owner, Thomas Corser, for £25 10*s*.[5] Edward Arber records that, when he asked Corser for permission to reprint the miscellany in his *English Scholar's Library*, that gentleman refused, "not being in favour of making English Literature 'as cheap as sixpenny chap-books.'" The British Museum, of course, was more liberal. In 1871 the book was issued in facsimile for the Spenser

[1] Nos. 7 and 17. (The ballads are numbered in the Table of Contents and in the Notes.)

[2] Nos. 17 and 20. [3] Nos. 1, 3, 14, 25, 32.

[4] *Heliconia, comprising a Selection of English Poetry of the Elizabethan Age*, 3 vols., London, 1815.

[5] Lowndes, *Bibliographer's Manual*, and Hazlitt, *Handbook to the Popular . . . Literature of Great Britain*, 1867, *s. v.* Robinson, Clement.

Society with an introduction by James Crossley.[1] Edward Arber's edition [2] followed in 1878.

None of these editions are wholly satisfactory. Thomas Park's text, to use Crossley's words, "was taken from a very inaccurate transcript of the original unique copy, and without, as it appears, any collation being made with the printed book as the sheets passed through the press. The reproduction therefore . . . may be said to be nearly worthless. Whole lines are omitted; misprints, with some times editorial notes upon them as if they were the actual text, occur in almost every other page; and the punctuation neither represents that of the original work nor of any intelligible system." This comment is not too severe. But, inaccurate as Park's reprint was, for almost sixty years it alone enabled scholars to know what the *Handful* actually contained, so that it served a very useful purpose. At the present time it is extremely difficult to find, and when found is entirely too expensive for its real value. James Crossley's edition was rather an attempt at a type-facsimile than an edition. It is not altogether successful in that attempt, and it adds nothing whatever to Park's notes. The volume, however, is attractively printed, and it enables the reader to picture the physical appearance of the *Handful*. Arber's edition of 1878, like the other work of that genial and prolific scholar, is fairly reliable, and some of his notes are valu-

[1] *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites By Clement Robinson and Divers Others Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1584.* Printed for the Spenser Society, 1871.

[2] *The English Scholar's Library of Old and Modern Works*, No. 3. Clement Robinson and divers others. *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, etc., Edited by Edward Arber, London, 1878.

able. But Arber normalized the stanza forms, expanded contractions, and otherwise modernized the original, so that except for the most general purposes his text cannot be trusted.

To-day none of the three editions can be obtained without a prolonged search of the old bookstores. Even then one must be prepared to buy complete sets of *Heliconia*, the *English Scholar's Library*, and the Spenser Society publications, rather than the single volumes of the *Handful*. The three editions are not only practically unobtainable, but furthermore none treats the miscellany from the point of view of balladry, none has a wholly accurate text, and none has a discussion of the problem that gives vital interest to the book — the problem of its date. The need for a new edition is too obvious to require further comment.

The *Handful of Pleasant Delights* contains nothing but ballads, all of which had, before their collection in that miscellany, been printed on broadsides, so that it is a bit surprising to see how unanimous is the praise given to it. As a rule, critics regard broadside ballads as beneath contempt. Thomas Park thought the *Delights* far superior to the poems in *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), "being written in general with a modernised tone of versification, which must render them more pleasing to modern readers. Some few indeed may aspire to be praised for higher merit than mere smoothness of verse: particularly . . . [No. 17, line 1214, below], which claims commendation for apposite metaphor, sarcastic sportiveness, ingenious illustration, and moral inference." Crossley called the *Handful* "one of the most prized of

the poetical book gems of the Elizabethan period." Mr. Charles Crawford [1] considers it "a work of considerable merit, containing some notable songs"; Sir Sidney Lee [2] speaks of it as a collection of "lyric poems of varied length"; and Mr. Harold H. Child [3] comments on the fact, as if it were extraordinary, that "every poem in the *Handefull* has its tune assigned it by name." None of these gentlemen seem to have recognized that the poems in the *Handful* are broadside ballads, pure and simple. As such they were collected by a ballad-writer and published by a ballad-printer for the delectation, not of the literary reader, but of the vulgar, who loved "a ballad in print a life." The work of Richard Jones, a decidedly minor printer, ranges in date from 1564 to 1602. He devoted himself particularly to ballad-printing, and in the *Handful* he included only a few — perhaps what seemed to him the best — of his ballads. The *Handful*, therefore, in its aims affords the greatest possible contrast to the miscellanies from *Tottel's* to *A Poetical Rhapsody*, which were compiled for an altogether different group of readers.[4] Many of the ballads in the *Handful* are pleasing, but it would be an easy matter to pick out Elizabethan broadside ballads that equal or surpass them

[1] *Englands Parnassus*, Oxford, 1913, p. xix.

[2] *Cambridge History of English Literature*, III, 283.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 214. Five poems, by the way, have no tunes.

[4] But a few genuine ballads appear in both the *Paradise* and the *Gallery*, while several more or less professional ballad-writers — among them, Thomas Churchyard, John Heywood, William Gray, and John Canand — contributed ballads (minus tunes) to *Tottel's*. Many poems from *Tottel's* were reprinted in broadside-ballad form by Elizabethan printers.

as poetry. Nevertheless, the poetry of the *Handful* is not, on the whole, inferior to that of the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* (1576) or of the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578).

In 1566 the following entry was made in the Stationers' Register:[1]

> R Jonnes Recevyd of Rychard Jonnes for his lycense for prynting of a boke intituled of *very pleasaunte Sonettes and storyes in myter* by clament Robynson. . . . . [no sum stated]

It has been generally assumed that the extant edition of the *Handful* is a reissue, with additions, of the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566. This was suggested by Ritson.[2] Collier[3] thought that the identity of the two works was not wholly probable, but succeeded in showing that one or two of the ballads that appear in the *Handful* were licensed for publication before the *Pleasant Sonnets*. More recently, most scholars interested in the matter have come to think that the *Pleasant Sonnets* was a first edition of the *Handful*, — among them, W. C. Hazlitt,[4] William Chappell,[5] Sir Sidney Lee,[6] J. W. Ebsworth, and Edward Arber. Ebsworth found in the Bagford Collection in the

[1] Arber's *Transcript*, I, 313. Other entries of the *Handful* were made on July 3, 1601; December 13, 1620; August 4, 1626; April 29, 1634; and April 4, 1655. A book called *The parlour of Plesaunte Delightes*, which may have influenced the name of the *Handful*, was licensed on January 13, 1581.

[2] *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 311.

[3] *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, I, 144.

[4] *Handbook*, 1867, p. 515.

[5] *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I, 91.

[6] *Dictionary of National Biography*, *s.v.* Robinson, Clement.

British Museum a single leaf [1] which he believed to belong to "an earlier edition" than the *Handful*. Arber did not feel sure that this leaf belonged to an earlier edition, but he attempted — not very successfully [2] — to name the *Handful* ballads that could not have appeared in the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566.

Still more recently, critical opinion seems to have undergone a change. Thus Messrs. Seccombe and Allen, in *The Age of Shakespeare* (1903, I, 56), declare positively, but altogether incorrectly, that "in 1584 appeared *A Handefull of Pleasant Delites*, a collection of, up to that time, unpublished lyrics." Mr. Harold H. Child, in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* (1911, III, 212, 214), remarks that the earliest poetical miscellany to follow *Tottel's* was the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* (1576), and adds somewhat doubtfully the statement that the *Handful* "has been thought to be a later edition of the book of 1566." In his edition (1913) of *Englands Parnassus*, Mr. Charles Crawford has expressed this opinion of the matter: "Parts of the work [the *Handful*] must surely have been composed after *A Gorgious Gallery* [1578], for I notice that three poems in it are made up principally from two poems that appear in its predecessor, whole stanzas in each, and several of them coming together in the same order, being worded almost exactly alike. . . . the theory that *A Handefull of Pleasant De-*

[1] Reprinted on pp. 73 ff., below.

[2] As I have shown in my article on "The Date, Authors, and Contents of *A Handfull of Pleasant Delights*" (*Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XVIII, 1919, 43–59), from which much of the material for the Introduction and Notes in this volume has been taken.

*lights* may be identical with 'A boke of very pleasaunte sonnettes and storyes in myter,' by Clement Robinson, licensed to R. Jhones in 1566, can hardly be entertained when one finds that it is in parts but a rehash of pieces in *A Gorgious Gallery;* but it is possible that Robinson gave a place in his anthology to poems that were previously printed in his book of sonnets and stories." Mr. Crawford gives no references, but the "rehashing" is much more extensive than he suspected. That this rehashing was done by the authors of the poems in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, not by Clement Robinson and his associates, my notes on Nos. 4, 6, 18, 19, 23, and 27 conclusively prove. It follows, naturally enough, that these ballads must have been accessible to the compiler of the *Gorgeous Gallery* before 1578.[1]

There is every reason to believe that the *Handful* was actually issued in 1566. The absence of a license-fee is not unprecedented,[2] and the difference in title between the 1566 entry and the 1584 edition is of no importance. The *Gorgeous Gallery* itself was registered under two other names before its present title was decided on;[3] and it should be observed that the running title of both the *Handful* and the single leaf discovered by Ebsworth is "Sonets and Histories, to sundrie new Tunes," a title much more appropriate for the 1566 entry than for the *Handful* itself. This single leaf[4] beyond all doubt be-

[1] Really before 1577, for the *Gallery* was registered at Stationers' Hall on June 5 of that year.

[2] See the Register for the year 1588, when no license-fees are recorded for about half of the entries.

[3] Arber's *Transcript*, II, 313. [4] See pp. 73 ff., below.

longed to a different edition: it has the page signature D 2, and bears the last three stanzas of No. 22, all of No. 23, and the first twelve lines of No. 24 (or lines 1581–1645 in my reprint), and thus corresponds exactly (save that it has one additional line) to sig. D 4 and *verso* of the *Handful.* The edition to which it belonged, then, presumably had two signatures, or four pages, fewer than the *Handful;* and, as three or four of the ballads printed in the latter before sig. D 4 can be proved to have been written during the years 1572–1582, it seems probable that this leaf was part of an edition earlier than that of 1584 — an edition representing the *Pleasant Sonnets* of the entry in 1566. This probability is made almost a certainty by the typography of the leaf: the type clearly indicates a date earlier than 1584.

The title-page of the *Handful*, it may be superfluous to add, in itself offers proof that there had been an earlier edition. It announces that the book contains "sundrie *new* Sonets. . . . *Newly* deuised to the *newest* tunes. . . . With *new additions* of certain Songs, to *verie late* deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor *vsed heretofore.*" But this is false from beginning to end. Like the typical dishonest stationer whose "character" George Wither was later to portray so vividly, Richard Jones provided this new title-page to delude customers into buying old wares. Most of the ballads had been printed before 1566, and the tunes were so old and are now so hard to trace that even William Chappell, an authority whose knowledge of popular tunes was unrivalled, could include only four or five of them in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time.* The fact that tunes are nearly always named for the bal-

lads in the *Handful* entitles that miscellany to the credit of being the first of the "garlands" — frank collections of broadside ballads — which in the hands of Thomas Deloney, Richard Johnson, and Martin Parker became, in later years, extremely popular.

Of Clement Robinson, whose name appears on the title-page of the *Handful*, little is known. It is obvious, however, that he was at the height of his ballad-writing in 1566, when his name was given in the Stationers' Register as the compiler of the *Pleasant Sonnets*. W. C. Hazlitt [1] conjectured, not unreasonably, that he was the C. R. whose initials are signed to a prose broadside on a "marueilous straunge Fishe" [2] that was printed in 1569; and Mr. Collmann [3] has plausibly suggested that he was the Robinson who in 1566 entered into a ballad-flyting with Thomas Churchyard. The very fact that Robinson's name occurs on the title-page of the 1584 edition strengthens the presumption that the book was a reissue of the *Pleasant Sonnets* that had been registered eighteen years earlier.

The dates of the individual ballads are, with a few exceptions, established in the Notes (pp. 80 ff., below), which prove that most of the ballads in the *Handful* had been printed before the registration of the *Pleasant Sonnets* in 1566. To summarize the data there given: Nos. 3, 7, 14, and 29 were certainly not in the 1566 edition; probably Nos. 1 and 15 were not; and there is no evidence to show whether Nos. 21, 26, 28, and 31 were in

[1] *Handbook*, 1867, p. 515.
[2] Reprinted in Lilly's *79 Black-Letter Ballads*, p. 145.
[3] *Ballads and Broadsides*, 1912, pp. 81–82.

print by 1566 or were added to the 1584 *Handful*. The remaining ballads — twenty-two in all — could have been, and most probably were, in the manuscript of the *Pleasant Sonnets* which the Stationers' clerk registered in 1566; and that this manuscript was actually printed the same year hardly admits of doubt.

With the date of 1566 established for the first edition of the *Handful*, the book immediately assumes a much more important rank in the history of Elizabethan literature than that heretofore granted it. Suggested, no doubt, by the success of *Tottel's*, — which had reached a fourth edition in 1565, — the *Handful*, following in 1566, became the second, and not the fourth, poetical miscellany, preceding instead of succeeding the *Paradise of Dainty Devises* and the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. On both of those miscellanies it exerted considerable influence. That it was popular among Elizabethan readers in general the Notes will show.

In the present edition the texts are reprinted line for line, page for page. The original punctuation is retained throughout and, since it never really obscures the meaning, is not corrected or commented on in the Notes. Key-words and signature-marks that have been cut off, and letters that were dropped from the form in printing, leaving vacant spaces, have been supplied between square brackets; and obvious misprints (like inverted letters) are corrected in the text. All such bracketed and corrected words, however, are enumerated in the "List of Misprints and Variant Readings," where, too, a collation of the texts of the three modern editions is given.

In this reprint the typography of the title-page is followed exactly, — except that long ſ is everywhere printed as *s*, — but the black letter of the text is represented below by roman type and roman type by italics. The numbering of lines and pages is, of course, an editorial addition.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the officials of the British Museum for permission to reprint the unique text of the *Handful;* to my master, Professor George Lyman Kittredge, for many helpful suggestions about the Glossary and the Notes; and to my friend, Miss Addie F. Rowe, for invaluable assistance in the proof-reading.

H. E. R.

New York City, April 21, 1923.

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# A Handefull

## of pleasant delites,

Containing sundrie new Sonets
and delectable Histories, in
diuers kindes of Meeter.

Newly deuised to the newest tunes
that are now in vse, to be sung:
euerie Sonet orderly pointed
to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs,
to verie late deuised Notes, not
commonly knowen, nor
vsed heretofore,

By Clement Robinson,
and diuers others.

¶ AT LONDON
Printed by Richard Ihones : dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, neare Holburne Bridge
1584.

# *The Printer to*

## *the Reader.*

*YOu that in Musicke do delight*
*your minds for to solace:*
*This little booke of Sonets m[ight]*
*wel like you in that case,*
*Peruse it wel ere you passe by,*
*here may you wish and haue,*
*Such pleasant songs to ech new tune,*
*as lightly you can craue.*
*Or if fine Histories you would reade,*
*you need not far to seek:*
*Within this booke such may you haue,*
*as Ladies may wel like.*
*Here may you haue such pretie thinges,*
*as women much desire:*
*Here may you haue of sundrie sorts,*
*such Songs as you require.*
*Wherefore my friend, if you regard,*
*such Songs to reade or heare:*
*Doubt not to buy this pretie Booke,*
*the price is not so deare.*

*Farewell.*

# *A Nosegaie alvvaies*

*sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens,*
*of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings,*
*as they in their minds shall be disposed to write.*

A Nosegaie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and *Boreas* in the field,
Euen with his hard coniealed frost,
no better flowers doth yeeld:
¶ But if that winter could haue sprung,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would haue sent it presently
to you withouten misse:
Accept this then as time doth serue,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.
¶ *Lauander* is for louers true,
which euermore be faine:
Desiring alwaies for to haue,
some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtained haue,
the loue that they require,
Then haue they al their perfect ioie,
and quenched is the fire.

¶ *Rosemarie* is for remembrance,
betweene vs daie and night:
Wishing that I might alwaies haue,
you present in my sight.
And when I cannot haue,
as I haue said before,
Then *Cupid* with his deadly dart,
doth wound my heart full sore.
¶ *Sage* is for sustenance,
that should mans life sustaine,
For I do stil lie languishing,
continually in paine,
And shall do stil vntil I die,
except thou fauour show:
My paine and all my greeuous smart,
ful wel you do it know.
¶ *Fenel* is for flaterers,
an euil thing it is sure:
But I haue alwaies meant truely,
with constant heart most pure:
And will continue in the same,
as long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a ioiful daie,
when all our paines be past.
¶ *Violet* is for faithfulnesse,
which in me shall abide:
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
you wil not let it slide.
And wil continue in the same,
as you haue nowe begunne:

And

And then for euer to abide,
then you my heart haue wonne.
¶ *Time* is to trie me,
as ech be tried must,
[Le]tting you know while life doth last,
I wil not be vniust,
And if I should I would to God,
to hell my soule should beare.
And eke also that *Belzebub*,
with teeth he should me teare.
¶ *Roses* is to rule me.
with reason as you will,
For to be still obedient,
your minde for to fulfill:
And thereto will not disagree,
in nothing that you say:
But will content your mind truely,
in all things that I may.
¶ *Ieliflowers* is for gentlenesse,
which in me shall remaine:
Hoping that no sedition shal,
depart our hearts in twaine.
As soone the sunne shal loose his course,
the moone against her kinde,
Shall haue no light, if that I do
once put you from my minde.
¶ *Carnations* is for gratiousnesse,
marke that now by the way,
Haue no regard to flatterers,
nor passe not what they say.

For they will come with lying tales,
your eares for to fulfil:
In anie case do you consent,
nothing vnto their wil.
¶ *Marigolds* is for marriage,
that would our minds suffise,
Least that suspition of vs twaine,
by anie meanes should rise:
As for my part, I do not care,
my self I wil stil vse,
That all the women in the world,
for you I will refuse.
¶ *Peniriall* is to print your loue,
so deep within my heart:
That when you look this Nosegay on,
my pain you may impart,
And when that you haue read the same,
consider wel my wo,
Think ye then how to recompence,
euen him that loues you so.
¶ *Cowsloppes* is for counsell,
for secrets vs between,
That none but you and I alone,
should know the thing we meane:
And if you wil thus wisely do,
as I think to be best:
Then haue you surely won the field,
and set my heart at rest.
I pray you keep this Nosegay wel,
and set by it some store:

And

And thus farewel, the Gods thee guide,
both now and euermore.
Not as the common sort do vse,
to set it in your brest:
That when the smel is gone away,
on ground he takes his rest.

*FINIS.*

*L. Gibsons Tantara, wherin Danea welcommeth home her Lord Diophon frō the war. To the tune of, Down right Squire.*

YOu Lordings, cast off your weedes of
me thinks I heare (wo
A trūpet shril which plain doth show
my Lord is neare:
Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Therefore to welcome home your King,
you Lordings plaie your parts,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ Harke harke, me thinkes I heare again,
this trumpets voice,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wherefore reioice.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
this trumpet still doth say,
With trumpets blast, all dangers past,
doth shew in Marshall ray.

¶ A ioifull sight my hearts delight,
my *Diophon* deere:
Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with ioiful cheere:
Tantara tara tantara,
what pleasant sound is this,
Which brought to me with victorie,
my ioy and onely blisse.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.

*Diophon.*

My Queene and wife, my ioy and life
in whom I minde:
In euery part, the trustiest hart,
that man can finde.
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your praise,
Your vertues race in euerie place,
which trumpet so doth raise.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ Now welcome home to *Siria* soile,
from battered field:
That valiantly thy foes did foile,
with speare and shield:
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it still,
Thy sounding praise, abroad to raise,
with trump that is most shrill,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ If honour and fame, O noble Dame,
such deeds do aske:

Then

Then *Diophon* here to purchase fame,
hath done this taske:
Tantara tara tantara,
returnd he is againe,
To leade his life, with thee his wife,
in ioie without disdaine.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
*Finis. L. G.*

¶ *A proper new Song made by a Studient in Cambridge, To the tune of I wish to see those happie daies.*

I Which was once a happie wight,
and hie in Fortunes grace:
And which did spend my golden prime,
in running pleasures race,
Am now enforst of late,
contrariwise to mourne,
Since fortune ioies, into annoies,
my former state to turne.
¶ The toiling oxe, the horse, the asse,
haue time to take their rest,
Yea all things else which Nature wrought,
sometimes haue ioies in brest:
Saue onelie I and such
which vexed are with paine:
For still in teares, my life it weares,
and so I must remaine.
¶ How oft haue I in folded armes,
enioied my delight,

How

How oft haue I excuses made,
of her to haue a sight?
But now to fortunes wil,
I caused am to bow.
And for to reape a hugie heape,
which youthful yeares did sow.
¶ Wherefore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and bide behind:
Whose eies dame beauties blazing beams,
as yet did neuer blind.
Example let me be,
to you and other more:
Whose heauie hart, hath felt the smart,
subdued by *Cupids* lore.
¶ Take heed of gazing ouer much,
on Damsels faire vnknowne:
For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roses ouergrowde:
And vnder fairest flowers,
do noisome Adders lurke:
Of whom take heed, I thee areed:
least that thy cares they worke.
¶ What though that she doth smile on thee,
perchance shee doth not loue:
And though she smack thee once or twice,
she thinks thee so to prooue,
And when that thou dost thinke,
she loueth none but thee:
She hath in store, perhaps some more,
which so deceiued be,

Trust

¶ Trust not therefore the outward shew
beware in anie case:
For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleasant face:
But if it be thy chaunce,
a louer true to haue:
Be sure of this, thou shalt not misse,
ech thing that thou wilt craue.
¶ And when as thou (good Reader) shalt
peruse this scrole of mine:
Let this a warning be to thee,
and saie a friend of thine,
Did write thee this of loue,
and of a zealous mind:
Because that he sufficiently,
hath tried the female kind.
¶ Here *Cambridge* now I bid farewell,
adue to Students all:
Adue vnto the Colledges,
and vnto *Gunuil* Hall:
And you my fellowes once,
pray vnto *Ioue* that I
May haue releef, for this my grief,
and speedie remedie.
¶ And that he shield you euerichone,
from Beauties luring looks:
Whose baite hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books:
Wherefore, for you, my praier shall be,
to send you better grace,

That

That modestie with honestie,
may guide your youthfull race.
*Finis quod Thomas Richardson, sometime*
*Student in Cambridge.*

¶ *The scoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be,*
*to a yong man that went a wooing:*
*He wēt stil about her, & yet he wēt without*
*because he was so long a dooing.* (*her,*

ATtend thee, go play thee,
Sweet loue I am busie:
my silk and twist is not yet spun:
My Ladie will blame me,
If that she send for me,
and find my worke to be vndun:
How then?
How shall I be set me?
To say loue did let me?
Fie no, it will not fit me,
It were no scuse for me.
¶ If loue were attained,
My ioies were vnfained,
my seame and silke wil take no hold:
Oft haue I beene warned,
By others proofe learned:
hote wanton loue soone waxeth cold,
Go now:
I say go pack thee,
Or my needle shal prick thee:

Go

Go seeke out Dame Idle:
More fit for thy bridle,
More fit for thy bridle.
¶ Wel worthie of blaming,
For thy long detaining,
all vaine it is that thou hast done:
Best now to be wandring,
Go vaunt of thy winning,
and tell thy Dame what thou hast won:
Say this:
Then say as I bade thee:
That the little dogge Fancie,
Lies chaste without moouing,
And needeth no threatning,
For feare of wel beating.
For feare of wel beating.
¶ The boy is gone lurking,
Good Ladies be working,
dispatch a while that we had done,
The tide will not tarrie,
All times it doth varie,
The day doth passe, I see the Sun,
The frost bites faire flowers,
Lets worke at due howres,
Haste, haste, and be merie,
Till our needles be werie.
Till our needles be werie,
¶ Now Ladies be merie,
Because you are werie:
leaue worke I say, and get you home,
Your

Your businesse in slacking,
Your louer is packing:
your answer hath cut off his comb.
How then?
The fault was in him sir,
He wooed it so trim sir,
Alas poore seelie fellow,
Make much of thy pillow.
Make much of thy pillow. *Finis.*

*An answer as pretie to the scof of his Lady, by the yongman that came a wooing, Wherein he doth flout her, Being glad he went without her, Misliking both her and her dooing.*

ALas Loue, why chafe ye?
Why fret ye, why fume ye?
to me it seemeth verie strange,
Me thinks ye misuse me,
So soone to refuse me,
vnlesse you hope of better change:
Wel, wel:
Wel now, I perceiue ye,
You are mindful to leaue me:
Now sure it doth grieue me:
That I am vnworthie:
That I am vnworthie.
¶ I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forget (ye,
it wil not so out of my minde:
My loue is not daintie, I see you haue plenty
that set so little by your friend.
Goe

Goe too spin on now I pray you, I list not to stay,
I will goe play me:
I am vnfit for you, &c.
Leaue off to flout now, & prick on your clout now
you are a daintie Dame indeed,
And thogh of your taũting, I may make my vaunting
as bad or worse thã I shal speed:
Sweet heart, though now you forsake it.
I trust you wil take it:
and sure I spak it, as fine as you make it, &c
Now wil I be trudging, without anie grudging
I am content to giue you ground:
Good reson doth bind me, to leue you behind me,
for you are better lost than found:
Go play, go seeke out Dame pleasure:
You are a trim treasure,
Wise women be daintie,
Of fooles there be plentie, &c.
¶ If I might aduise ye, few words shuld suffice ye
& yet you shold bestow them wel:
Maids must be manerly, not ful of scurility,
wherein I see you do excel,
Farewel good *Nicibicetur*,
God send you a sweeter,
A lustie lim lifter, you are a trim shifter, &c.

*Finis. Peter Picks.*

¶ *Dame Beauties replie to the Louer late at libertie: and now complaineth himselfe to be her captiue, Intituled: Where is the life that late I led.*

The

THe life that erst thou ledst my friend,
was pleasant to thine eies:
But now the losse of libertie,
thou seemest to despise.
Where then thou ioiedst thy will,
now thou doest grudge in heart:
Then thou no paine nor grief didst feele,
but now thou pinest in smart.
What mooued thee vnto loue,
expresse and tell the same:
Saue fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
thy follie learne to blame.
¶ For when thou freedome didst enioie,
thou gauest thy selfe to ease,
And letst self-will the ruling beare,
thy fancie fond to please:
Then stealing *Cupid* came,
with bow and golden dart:
He struck the stroke, at pleasure he
that now doth paine thy hart:
Blame not the Gods of loue,
But blame thy self thou maist:
For freedome was disdaind of thee,
and bondage more thou waiest.
¶ Who list, thou saist, to liue at rest,
and freedome to possesse:
The sight of gorgeous Dames must shun,
least loue do them distresse:
Thou blamest *Cupidoes* craft,
who strikes in stealing sort:

And

And sets thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous fort:
And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loue,
Then *Cupid* he constrains thee yeeld,
as thou thy self canst prooue.
¶ Faire Ladies lookes in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine:
Ne yet the sight of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.
It was thy self indeed,
that causd thy pining woe,
Thy wanton wil, and idle minde,
causd *Cupid* strike the blow:
Blame not his craft, nor vs
that Beauties darlings be,
Accuse thy selfe to seeke thy care,
thy fancie did agree.
¶ There is none thou saist, that can
more truely iudge the case:
Than thou that hast the wound receiu'de,
by sight of Ladies face.
Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free:
Her corps so comely framd, thou saiest,
did force thee to agree:
Thou gauest thy self it seemes,
her bondman to abide,
Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knowen and tride.

What iudgement canst thou giue:
how dost thou plead thy case:
It was not she that did thee wound,
although thou seest her face:
Ne could her beautie so,
inchaunt or vex thy sprites,
Ne feature hers so comely framde,
could weaken so thy wits.
But that thou mightest haue showne
the cause to her indeede,
Who spares to speak, thy self dost know,
doth faile of grace to speede.
¶ By this thou saiest, thou soughtst ỹ means
of torments that you beare,
By this thou wouldest men take heede,
and learne of loue to feare:
For taking holde thou telst,
to flie it is too late,
And no where canst thou shrowd thy self,
but Care must be thy mate.
Though loue do pleasure seeme,
yet plagues none such there are:
Therefore all louers now thou willst,
of liking to beware.
¶ Thy self hath sought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone:
Of all the grief and care you beare,
as plainely it is showne:
Then why should men take heed,
thy counsell is vnfit:

Thou

Thou sparedst to speak, and faildst to speed,
thy will had banisht wit.
And now thou blamest loue,
and Ladies faire and free:
And better lost than found my frind,
your cowards heart we see. *Finis. I. P.*

*A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Green sleeues. To the new tune of Greensleeues.*

*Greensleeues was all my ioy,*
*Greensleeues was my delight:*
*Greensleeues was my hart of gold,*
*And who but Ladie Greensleeues.*

ALas my loue, ye do me wrong,
to cast me off discurteously:
And I haue loued you so long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greensleeues was all my ioy,
Greensleeues was my delight:
Greensleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greensleeues.
¶ I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:

I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which cost my purse wel fauouredly,
Greensleeues was al my ioie, &c.
¶ I bought thee peticotes of the best,
the cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gaue thee iewels for thy chest,
and all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.
¶ Thy smock of silk, both faire and white,
with gold embrodered gorgeously:
Thy peticote of Sendall right:
and thus I bought theé gladly.
Greensleeues was all my ioie, &c.
¶ Thy girdle of gold so red,
with pearles bedecked sumptuously:
The like no other lasses had,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me,
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy purse and eke thy gay guilt kniues,
thy pincase gallant to the eie:
No better wore the Burgesse wiues,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy crimson stockings all of silk,
with golde all wrought aboue the knee,
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy gown was of the grossie green,
thy sleeues of Satten hanging by:

Which

Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And siluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee,
No Ladie euer was so braue,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee:
Al this was gallant to be seen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ They set thee vp, they took thee downe,
they serued thee with humilitie,
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ For euerie morning when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties orderly:
To cheare thy stomack from all woes,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thou couldst desire no earthly thing.
But stil thou hadst it readily:

Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ And who did pay for all this geare,
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Euen I that am reiected here,
and thou disdainst to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Greensleeues now farewel adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

*Finis.*

*A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity. To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners.*

AS one without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting
And rufully the Iudge, (breath
Beholds (whose doome grants life or
So fare I now my onelie Loue, (death,
Whom I tender as Turtle Doue,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy:

[Faire]

Faire lookes, sweet Dame,
Or else (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, coying,
Wil bring me sure to my ending,
¶ Too little is my skil,
By pen (I saie) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold shew, my heart doth faint:
Sith both the meanes do faile therefore,
My loue for to expresse with lore:
The torments of my inward smart.
You may well gesse within your hart:
Wherefore, sweet wench,
Some louing words, this heat to quench
Fine smiles, smirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,
¶ Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue breast:
O how I feele the smart,
And how I find my grief increast:
My fancie is so fixt on you,
That none away the same can do:
My deer vnlesse you it remooue:
Without redresse I die for loue,
Lament with me,
Ye Muses nine, where euer be,
My life I loth,
My Ioies are gone, I tel you troth,
¶ All Musicks solemne found,
Of song, of else of instrument:

Me thinks they do resound,
with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my sleep vnsound, alas,
Me thinks such dreadful things to passe:
that out I crie in midst of dreames,
Wherwith my tears run down as streams,
O Lord, think I,
She is not here that should be by:
What chance is this,
That I embrace that froward is?
¶ The Lions noble minde,
His raging mood (you know) oft staies,
When beasts do yeeld by kinde,
On them (forsooth) he neuer praies:
Then sithence that I am your thrall,
To ease my smart on you I call.
A bloudie conquest is your part,
To kill so kind a louing heart:
Alas remorce,
Or presently I die perforce:
God grant pitie,
Within your breast now planted be.
¶ As nature hath you deckt,
with worthie gifts aboue the rest,
So to your praise most great,
Let pitie dwell within your brest,
That I may saie with heart and wil,
Lo, this is she that might me kil:
For why? in hand she held the knife,
And yet (forsooth) she saued my life.

Hey

Hey-ho, darling:
With lustie loue, now let vs sing,
Plaie on, Minstrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie girle.

*The Historie of Diana and Acteon.*
*To the Quarter Braules.*

*Diana* and her darlings deare,
Walkt once as you shall heare:
Through woods and waters cleare,
themselues to play:
The leaues were gay and green,
And pleasant to be seen:
They went the trees between,
in coole aray,
So long, that at the last they found a place,
of waters full cleare:
So pure and faire a Bath neuer was
found many a yeare.
There shee went faire and gent,
Her to sport, as was her wonted sort:
In such desirous sort:
Thus goeth the report:
*Diana* dainteously began her selfe therein to (bathe
And her body for to laue,
So curious and braue.
¶ As they in water stood,
Bathing their liuelie blood:
*Acteon* in the wood,
chaunst to come by:
And vewed their bodies bare,

[Mar-]

Maruailing what they weare,
And stil deuoid of care,
on them cast his eie:
But when the Nymphs had perceiued him,
aloud then they cried,
Enclosed her, and thought to hide her skin,
which he had spied:
But too true I tell you,
She seene was,
For in height she did passe,
Ech Dame of her race,
Harke then *Acteons* case:
Whē *Diana* did perceue, where *Acteon* did (stand,
She took bowe in her hand,
And to shoot she began.
¶ As she began to shoot, *Acteon* ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
his sights were dim:
And as he thought to scape,
Changed was *Acteons* shape,
Such was vnluckie fate,
yeelded to him:
For *Diana* brought it thus to passe,
and plaied her part,
So that poore *Acteon* changed was
to a hugie Hart,
And did beare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Which is as true as strange,
And thus did he range,

Abroad

[Signature B vj is lacking.]

[Signature B vj is lacking.]

So that his sorrowes importunate,
Had ended his life incontinent,
Had not Lady *Venus* grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poore seruants case,
My deer Ladie.
¶ For when she saw the torments strong,
Wherewith the Knight was sore opprest,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al through this Ladies mercilesse,
Of their desires she made exchange,
Ladie, Ladie.
And wrought a myracle most strange,
My deer Ladie.
¶ So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did loue this Knight aboue all other:
And he vnto the contrarie,
Did hate her then aboue all measure,
And pitifull she did complaine: ladie, ladie.
Requiring fauour, and might not obtaine.
My deer ladie.
¶ But when she saw, that in no case,
She might vnto his loue attaine:
And that she could not finde some grace,
To ease her long enduring paine,
And ỹ his hart wold not remoue. Lady, ladie
Without all cure he died for loue, My deer.
¶ Besides these matters maruelous,
One other thing I wil you tell:
Of one whose name was *Narcissus*,
A man whose beautie doth excel.

Of

Of natures gifts he had no misse, Lady, lady
He had ỹ whole of beauties blisse, My deere.
¶ So that out of manie a far Countrey,
I reade of manie a woman faire,
Did come this *Narcissus* to see,
Who perished when they came there,
Through his default I say in fine, lady, lady
Who vnto loue would not incline. My deer.
¶ Whose disobedience vnto loue,
When vnto *Venus* it did appeare.
How that his hart would not remoue,
She punisht him as you shal heare:
A thing most strange forsooth it was,
Ladie, Ladie.
Now harken how it came to passe, My deer.
¶ For when he went vpon a daie,
With other mo in strange disguise,
Himself forsooth he did aray
In womans attire of a new deuise,
And ouer a bridge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
In the water he sawe his own shadow, My.
¶ Which when he did perceiue and see,
A Ladie faire he saith it seemeth:
Forgat himself that it was he,
And iudgde that it was *Dianaes* Nymph,
Who in the waters in such fashion, Lady, la[dy]
Did vse themselues for recreation, My deer.
¶ And through the beautie of whose looks,
Taken he was with such fond desire,
That after manie humble sutes,
Inconti-

Incontinent he did aspire.
Vnto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie
Trusting ẏ mercie was in her, My deer, &c.
¶ With armes displaid he took his race,
And leapt into the riuer there,
And thought his Ladie to imbrace,
Being of himselfe, deuoid of feare,
And there was drownd without redresse,
His crueltie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie.
with such follie.
¶ Loe, hereby you may perceiue,
How *Venus* can, and if she please,
Her disobedient Subiects grieue,
And make them drinke their owne disease,
Wherfore rebel not I you wish, Lady, lady.
Least that your chaunce be worse than this,
if worse may be. *Finis.*

*The Louer cõplaineth the losse of his Ladie To Cicilia Pauin.*

HEart, what makes thee thus to be,
in extreame heauinesse?
If care do cause all thy distresse,
Why seekest thou not some redresse,
to ease thy carefulnesse?
Hath *Cupid* stroke in Venerie,
Thy wofull corps in ieoperdie:
right wel then may I sob and crie, (trie
Til that my Mistresse deer, my faith may
Why would I cloake from her presence,
My loue and faithfull diligence?

And

And cowardly thus to die.
And cowardly thus to die.
¶ No, no, I wil shew my woe,
in this calamitie.
To her whom Nature shapte so free:
With all *Dianaes* chastitie,
or *Venus* rare beautie:
Then shall I brace felicitie,
And liue in all prosperitie.
then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
thou shalt embrace thy Ladie deer ẇ ioy.
In these thy armes so louingly,
As *Paris* did faire *Helenie*.
By force of blinded boy.
By force of blinded boy.
¶ If *Venus* would grant vnto me,
such happinesse:
As she did vnto *Troylus*,
By help of his friend *Pandarus*,
To *Cressids* loue who worse,
Than all the women certainly:
That euer liued naturally.
Whose slight falsed faith, the storie saith,
Did breed by plagues, her great and sore di-
For she became so leprosie, (stresse,
That she did die in penurie:
Because she did transgresse.
Because she did transgresse.
¶ If she, I saie, wil me regard,
in this my ieoperdie,

I wil shew her fidelitie,
And eke declare her curtesie,
to Louers far and nie:
O heart how happie shouldst thou be,
When my Ladie doth smile on me:
Whose milde merie cheare,
Wil driue away feare,
Cleane from my brest, and set ioy in ẏ̊ place
when I shall kisse so tenderly:
Her fingers small and slenderly,
which doth my heart solace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
so stil in *Cupids* fire,
Let this the force of my retire
Example be to your desire,
That so to loue aspire:
For I did make deniance,
And set her at defiance:
Which made me full wo, it chanced so,
Because I look at my mistresse so coy:
Therefore, when she is merily
Disposed, look you curteously:
Receiue her for your ioy.
Receiue her for your ioy.

*Finis.* *I. Tomson.*

*The Louer compareth some subtile Suters to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.*

WHen as the Hunter goeth out,
with hounds in brace.

The Hart to hunt, and set about,
with wilie trace,
He doth it more to see and view,
Her wilinesse (I tell you true.)
Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
With squats and flats, which hath no pere.
¶ More than to win or get the game
to beare away:
He is not greedie of the same,
(thus Hunters saie:
So some men hunt by hote desire,
To *Venus* Dames, and do require
With fauor to haũe her, or els they wil die,
they loue her, & prooue her, and wot ye why?
¶ Forsooth to see her subtilnesse, & wily way,
Whē they (God knows) mean nothing lesse
than they do say:
For when they see they may her win,
They leaue then where they did begin.
they prate and make the matter nice,
And leaue her in fooles paradice.
¶ Wherefore of such (good Ladie now)
wisely beware,
Least flinging fancies in their brow,
do breed you care:
And at the first giue them the checke,
Least they at last giue you the geck,
And scornfully disdaine ye then,
In faith there are such kind of men.

¶ But

¶ But I am none of those indeed,
beleeue me now:
I am your man if you me need,
I make a vow:
To serue you without doublenesse:
With feruent heart my owne mistresse,
Demaund me, commaund me,
what please ye, and whan,
I wil be stil readie, as I am true man.

*A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.*
*To the, Downe right Squier.*

YOu Dames (I say) that climbe the (mount
of *Helicon*,
Come on with me, and giue account,
what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all,
and dolefull newes,
Which on these Louers did befall,
which I accuse.
In *Babilon* not long agone,
a noble Prince did dwell:
whose daughter bright dimd ech ones sight,
so farre she did excel.
¶ An other Lord of high renowne,
who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne,
great loue begunne:
*Pyramus* this noble Knight,
I tel you true:

Who with the loue of *Thisbie* bright,
did cares renue:
It came to passe, their secrets was,
beknowne vnto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
where they their loue vnclothe.
¶ This loue they vse long tract of time,
till it befell:
At last they promised to meet at prime,
by *Minus* well:
Where they might louingly imbrace,
in loues delight:
That he might see his *Thisbies* face,
and she his sight:
In ioyful case, she approcht the place,
where she her *Pyramus*
Had thought to viewd, but was renewd,
to them most dolorous.
¶ Thus while she staies for *Pyramus*,
there did proceed:
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
made *Thisbie* dreed:
And as in haste she fled awaie,
her Mantle fine:
The Lion tare in stead of praie,
till that the time
That *Pyramus* proceeded thus,
and see how lion tare
The Mantle this of *Thisbie* his,
he desperately doth fare.

¶ For

¶ For why he thought the lion had,
faire *Thisbie* slaine.
And then the beast with his bright blade,
he slew certaine:
Then made he mone and said alas,
(O wretched wight)
Now art thou in a woful case
for *Thisbie* bright:
Oh Gods aboue, my faithfull loue
shal neuer faile this need:
For this my breath by fatall death,
shal weaue *Atropos* threed.
¶ Then from his sheathe he drew his blade,
and to his hart
He thrust the point, and life did vade,
with painfull smart:
Then *Thisbie* she from cabin came
with pleasure great,
And to the well apase she ran,
there for to treat:
And to discusse, to *Pyramus*
of al her former feares.
And when slaine she, found him truly,
she shed foorth bitter teares.
¶ When sorrow great that she had made,
she took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life,
by fatall band.
You Ladies all, peruse and see,
the faithfulnesse,

How these two Louers did agree,
to die in distresse:
You Muses waile, and do not faile,
but still do you lament:
These louers twaine, who with such paine,
did die so well content.
*Finis. I. Tomson.*

*A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady.*
*To Calen o Custure me: sung at euerie lines end.*

WHē as I view your comly grace, *Ca. &c*
Your golden haires, your angels face:
Your azured veines much like the skies,
Your siluer teeth, your Christall eies.
Your Corall lips, your crimson cheeks,
That Gods and men both loue and leekes.
¶ Your pretie mouth with diuers gifts,
Which driueth wise men to their shifts:
So braue, so fine, so trim, so yong,
With heauenlie wit and pleasant tongue,
That *Pallas* though she did excell,
Could frame ne tel a tale so well.
¶ Your voice so sweet, your necke so white,
your bodie fine and small in sight:
Your fingers long so nimble be,
To vtter foorth such harmonie,
As all the Muses for a space:
To sit and heare do giue you place.
¶ Your pretie foot with all the rest,
That may be seene or may be gest:

Doth

Doth beare such shape, that beautie may
Giue place to thee and go her way:
And *Paris* nowe must change his doome,
For *Venus* lo must giue thee roome.
¶ Whose gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
Although I burne, yet would I nier:
Within my selfe then can I say:
The night is gone, behold the day:
Behold the star so cleare and bright,
As dimmes the sight of *Phœbus* light:
¶ Whose fame by pen for to discriue,
Doth passe ech wight that is aliue:
Then how dare I with boldned face,
Presume to craue or wish your grace?
And thus amazed as I stand,
Not feeling sense, nor moouing hand.
¶ My soule with silence moouing sense,
Doth wish of God with reuerence,
Long life, and vertue you possesse:
To match those gifts of worthinesse,
And loue and pitie may be spide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

¶ *A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, wil you marrie. To the Blacke Almaine.*

MAid, wil you marie? I pray sir tarie,
I am not disposed to wed a:
For he y̆ shal haue me, wil neuer de (ny me
he shal haue my maidēhed a.
Why then you wil not wed me?
No sure sire I haue sped me,

You must go seeke some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am sped I tell you true,
beleeu me it greeus me, I may not haue you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
¶ For if I could, be sure I would,
consent to your desire:
I would not doubt, to bring about,
ech thing you would require:
But promise now is made,
Which cannot be staide;
It is a womans honestie,
To keep her promise faithfully.
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true:
Choose it, and vse it, the honester you.
¶ But if you seek, for to misleeke,
with this that I haue done:
Or else disdaine, that I so plaine
this talke with you haue begone:
Farewell I wil not let you,
He fisheth wel that gets you.
And sure I thinke your other friend,
Will prooue a Cuckold in the end:
But he wil take heed if he be wise,
To watch you & catch you, with *Argus* eies,
Besetting and letting your wonted guise.
¶ Although the Cat doth winke a while,
yet sure she is not blinde:

It

It is the waie for to beguile,
the Mice that run behind:
And if she see them running,
Then straightway she is comming:
Vpon their head she claps her foote,
To striue with her it is no boote.
The seelie poore Mice dare neuer play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them euery day,
Yet whip they, & skip they, whē she is away.
¶ And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeeld:
They were better thē, to haue kept their den
than straie abroad the field:
But they that will be ranging,
Shall soone repent their changing:
And so shall you ere it be long,
Wherefore remember well my song:
And do not snuffe though I be plaine,
But cherily, merily, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.
¶ For where you say you must obay,
the promise you haue made,
So sure as I wil neuer flie,
from that I haue said:
Therefore to them I leaue you,
Which gladly wil receiue you:
You must go choose some other mate,
According to your own estate.
For I do meane to liue in rest,

Go

Go seek you, and leek you an other guest,
And choose him, and vse him, as you like best.

*The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue*

I Iudge and finde, how God doth minde,
to furnish, to furnish
his heauenly throne aboue,
With virgins pure, this am I sure,
without misse, without misse:
with other Saints he doth loue:
It is allowed as you may reade,
And eke auowed by *Paul* indeede,
*Virginitie* is accepted,
a thing high in Gods sight:
Though marriage is selected,
a thing to be most right:
yet must I praise *Virginitie*,
For I would faine a Virgin be.
¶ You Virgins pure, your selues assure,
and credite, and credite:
great ioy you shall possesse,
Which I (God knows) cannot disclose,
nor spreade it, nor spreade it,
ne yet by pen expresse.
Nor halfe the ioies that you shall finde,
I can not iudge for you assignde:
When hence your ghost shall yeelded be,
into the throne of blisse:
In chaste and pure Virginitie,
for thought or deed ywisse:
Wher you shal raign, with God on hie
For euermore eternally. And

¶ And when doubtlesse, you shal possesse,
with Iesus, with Iesus,
these ioies celestiall.
Then Ladie Fame, wil blaze your name,
amongst vs, amongst vs,
which then on earth raigne shal.
She wil resound in euerie coast,
By trumpet sound, and wil you boast?
So that although you do depart
This mortall life so vaine:
Your chastitie in euerie heart,
by memorie shall remaine.
But hard it is, I saie no more,
To finde an hundreth in a score. *Finis.*

¶ *A warning for Wooers, that they be not ouer hastie, nor deceiued with womens beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.*

YE louing wormes come learne of me
The plagues to leaue that linked be:
The grudge, the grief, the gret anoy,
The fickle faith, the fading ioy:
in time, take heed,
In fruitlesse soile sow not thy seed:
buie not, with cost,
the thing that yeelds but labour lost.
¶ If *Cupids* dart do chance to light,
So that affection dimmes thy sight,
Then raise vp reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortifie

Wheer

Where is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the Leach:
Sparks are put out,
when fornace flames do rage about.
¶ Thine owne delay must win the field,
When lust doth leade thy heart to yeeld:
When steed is stolne, who makes al fast,
May go on foot for al his haste:
In time shut gate,
For had I wist, doth come too late,
Fast bind, fast find,
Repentance alwaies commeth behind.
¶ The *Syrens* times oft time beguiles,
So doth the teares of Crocodiles:
But who so learnes *Vlysses* lore,
May passe the seas, and win the shore.
Stop eares, stand fast,
Through *Cupids* trips, thou shalt him cast:
Flie baits, shun hookes,
Be thou not snarde with louely lookes.
¶ Where *Venus* hath the maisterie,
There loue hath lost her libertie:
where loue doth win the victorie,
The fort is sackt with crueltie.
First look, then leap,
In suretie so your shinnes you keepe:
The snake doth sting,
That lurking lieth with hissing.
¶ VVhere *Cupids* fort hath made a waie,
There graue aduise doth beare no swaie,

Where Loue doth raigne and rule the roste,
There reason is exilde the coast:
Like all, loue none, except ye vse discretion.
First try, thē trust, be not deceiued with sinful
¶ Marke *Priams* sonne, his fond deuise (lust,
When *Venus* did obtaine the price:
For *Pallas* skil and *Iunoes* strength,
He chose that bred his bane at length.
Choos wit, leaue wil, let *Helen* be ẇ *Paris* stil:
Amis goeth al, wher fācie forceth fooles to fall.
¶ Where was there found a happier wight,
Than *Troylus* was til loue did light?
What was the end of *Romeus*.
Did he not die like *Piramus*
who baths in blis? let him be mindful of *Iphis*
who seeks to plese, may riddė be like *Hercules*.
¶ I lothe to tel the peeuish brawles,
And fond delights of *Cupids* thrawles,
Like momish mates of *Midas* mood,
They gape to get that doth no good: (Cup
Now down, now vp, as tapsters vse to tosse ẏ e
One breedeth ioy, another breeds as great anoy
¶ Some loue for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loues are true.
For when the Mil hath lost hir sailes,
Then must the Miller lose his vailes:
Of grasse commeth hay,
And flowers faire wil soon decay:
Of ripe commeth rotten,
In age al beautie is forgotten.

Some

Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great griefs do grow,
And some do loue the common sort:
And common folke vse common sport.
Looke not too hie,
Least that a chip fall in thine eie:
But hie or lowe,
Ye may be sure she is a shrow.
¶ But sirs, I vse to tell no tales,
Ech fish that swims doth not beare scales,
In euerie hedge I finde not thornes:
Nor euerie beast doth carrie hornes:
I saie not so,
That euerie woman causeth wo:
That were too broad,
Who loueth not venom must shun the tode.
¶ Who vseth still the truth to tel,
May blamed be though he saie wel:
Say Crowe is white, and snowe is blacke,
Lay not the fault on womans backe,
Thousands were good,
But few scapte drowning in *Noes* flood:
Most are wel bent,
I must say so, least I be shent. *Finis.*

¶ *An excellent Song of an outcast Louer.*
*To, All in a Garden green.*

MY fancie did I fixe,
in faithful forme and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustring blast
haue power to moue the same.
¶ And

¶ And as the Gods do know,
and world can witnesse beare:
I neuer serued other Saint,
nor Idoll other where.
¶ But one, and that was she,
whom I in heart did shrine:
And made account that pretious pearle,
and iewel rich was mine.
¶ No toile, nor labour great,
could wearie me herein:
For stil I had a *Iasons* heart,
the golden fleece to win.
¶ And sure my sute was hearde,
I spent no time in vaine:
A grant of friendship at her hand,
I got to quite my paine.
With solemne vowe and othe.
was knit the True-loue knot,
And friendly did we treat of loue,
as place and time we got.
¶ Now would we send our sighes,
as far as they might go,
Now would we worke with open signes,
to blaze our inward wo.
¶ Now rings and tokens too,
renude our friendship stil,
And ech deuice that could be wrought,
exprest our plaine goodwill,
True meaning went withall,
it cannot be denide:

Per-

Performance of the promise past,
was hopte for of ech side:
¶ And lookt for out of hand:
such vowes did we two make,
As God himself had present been,
record thereof to take.
¶ And for my part I sweare,
by all the Gods aboue,
I neuer thought of other friend,
nor sought for other loue.
¶ The same consent in her,
I saw ful oft appeare,
If eies could see, or head could iudge,
or eare had power to heare.
¶ Yet loe words are but winde,
an other new come guest,
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)
as fancies rise in brest.
Her friend that wel deserues,
is out of countenaunce quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
while others hit the white.
He may wel beat the bush,
as manie thousands doo:
And misse the birds, and haply loose
his part of feathers too.
¶ He hops without the ring,
yet daunceth on the trace,
When some come after soft and faire,
a heauie hobling pace.

¶ In

¶ In these vnconstant daies,
such troth these women haue:
As wauering as the aspen leaf
they are, so God me saue.
¶ For no deserts of men
are weid, what ere they be;
For in a mood their minds are led
with new delights we see.
¶ The guiltlesse goeth to wrack,
the gorgeous peacocks gay:
They do esteem vpon no cause,
and turne their friends away.
¶ I blame not al for one,
some flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as sure as lock and key,
and iust of words and deeds.
¶ And yet of one I waile,
of one I crie and plaine:
And for her sake shall neuer none,
so nip my heart againe:
¶ If for offence or fault,
I had been floong at heele:
The lesse had been my bitter smart,
and gnawing greefe I feele.
¶ But being once reteind,
a friend by her consent:
And after that to be disdaind,
when best good will I ment,
¶ I take it nothing well,
for if my power could show,

With Larum bel and open crie,
the world should throughly know.

*The complaint of a woman Louer,*
*To the tune of, Raging loue.*

THough wisdom wold I should refrain,
My heaped cares here to vnfold:
Good Ladies yet my inward paine,
So pricketh me I haue no holde:
But that I must my griefe bewray,
Bedewed in teares with doleful tunes,
That you may heare, and after say,
Loe, this is she whom loue consumes.
¶ My grief doth grow by my desire.
To fancie him that stormes my woe:
He naught regards my flaming fire,
Alas why doth he serue me so?
Whose fained teares I did beleeue,
And wept to heare his wailing voice,
But now, alas, too soon I preeue,
Al men are false, there is no choice.
¶ Had euer woman such reward,
At anie time for her goodwill?
Had euer woman hap so hard,
So cruelly for loue to spill?
What paps (alas) did giue him food,
That thus vnkindly workes my wo?
What beast is of so cruell moode,
to hate the hart that loues him so?
¶ Like as the simple Turtle true,
In mourning groanes I spend the day:

My

My daily cares night dooth renew,
To thinke how he did me betray:
And when my weary limmes wold rest,
My sleepe vnsound hath dreadfull dreams,
Thus greeuous greefes my hart doth wrest
That stil mine eies run down like streams:
¶ And yet, full oft it dooth me good,
To haunt the place where he hath beene,
To kisse the ground whereon he stoode,
When he (alas) my loue did win.
To kisse the Bed wheron we laye?
Now may I thinke vnto my paine,
O blisfull place full oft I say:
Render to me my loue againe,
¶ But all is lost that may not be,
Another dooth possesse my right:
His cruell hart, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the olde, to flight:
He loues to see my watered eyes,
and laughes to see how I do pine:
No words can well my woes comprise,
alas what griefe is like to mine?
¶ You comly Dams, beware by me,
To rue sweete words of fickle trust:
For I may well example be,
How filed talke oft prooues vniust
But sith deceipt haps to my pay,
Good Ladyes helpe my dolefull tunes,
That you may here and after say:
Loe this is she whom loue consumes.

*A proper sonet, Intituled: I smile to see how you deuise. To anie pleasant tune.*

I Smile to see how you deuise,
New masking nets my eies to bleare:
your self you cannot so disguise:
But as you are, you must appeare.
¶ your priuie winkes at boord I see,
And how you set your rouing mind:
your selfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.
¶ The secret sighs and fained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull brest:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I see in whom thy hart doth rest.
¶ And though thou makest a fained vow,
That loue no more thy heart should nip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth guide the ship.
¶ The Salamander in the fire,
By course of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floting Fish taketh his desire,
In running streams whereas he swimmes.
¶ So thou in change dost take delight,
Ful wel I know thy slipperie kinde:
In vaine thou seemst to dim my sight,
Thy rowling eies bewraieth thy minde.
¶ I see him smile that doth possesse
Thy loue which once I honoured most:
If he be wise, he may well gesse,
Thy loue soon won, wil soon be lost.

An[d]

¶ And sith thou canst no man intice,
That he should stil loue thee alone:
Thy beautie now hath lost her price,
I see thy sauorie sent is gone.
¶ Therefore leaue off thy wonted plaie,
But, as thou art, thou wilt appeare,
Vnlesse thou canst deuise a waie,
To dark the Sun that shines so cleare.
¶ And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In trueth to him thy loue supplie,
Least he at length as I haue done,
Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

*A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting one another to be constant. To the tune of Kypascie.*

THe famous Prince of *Macedon*,
whose wars increst his worthy name
Triumphed not so, when he had won
By conquest great, immortall fame,
As I reioice, reioice,
For thee, my choice, with heart and voice,
Since thou art mine,
Whom, long to loue, the Gods assigne.
¶ The secret flames of this my loue,
The stars had wrought ere I was borne,
Whose sugred force my hart doth moue,
And eke my will so sure hath sworne.
that Fortunes lore, no more,
though I therefore, did life abhore:
Shall neuer make,
Forgetful dewes my heat to slake.

If

¶ If that I false my faith to thee,
Or seeke to chaunge for any newe:
If thoughts appeare so ill in me,
If thou thy life shall iustly rew.
Such kinde of woe, of woe:
As friende or foe, might to me showe:
Betide me than,
Or wurse, if it may hap to man.
¶ Then let vs ioy in this our loue:
In spite of Fortunes wrath, my deere:
Twoo willes in one, as dooth behooue,
One loue in both, let still appeare:
And I will be, will be,
*Piramus* to thee, my owne *Thisbie*,
So thou againe,
My constant louer shalt remaine.

*A proper new Dity: Intituled Fie vpō Loue and al his lawes. To the tune of lumber me.*

SVch bitter fruict thy loue doth yeelde,
Such broken sleepes, such hope vnsure,
Thy call so oft hath me beguilde.
That I vnneth can well indure:
But crie (alas) as I haue cause,
Fie vpon Loue and all his Lawes.
¶ Like *Piramus*, I sigh and grone,
VVhom Stonie wals, keept from his loue,
And as the wofull *Palemon*,
A thousand stormes, for thee I prooue,
Yet thou a cruell Tigers whelpe,
All slaiest the hart, whom thou maist help.

¶ A craggie Rocke, thy Cradle, was,
And Tigers milke sure was thy foode,
VVherby Dame Nature broought to passe,
That like the Nurse should be thy moode:
VVild and vnkinde, cruell and fell,
to rent the hart that loues thee well.
¶ The Crocadile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou hast luld my simple eares,
To here sweet words, full fraught ẇ wiles,
that I may say, as I doo prooue,
VVo worth the time, I gan to loue.
¶ Sith thou hast vowd to worke my wrack,
And hast no will my ẇealth to way:
Farewell vnkinde, I will keepe backe,
Such toyes as may my helth decay:
and still will cry as I haue cause.
Fie vpon Loue and all his lawes.

*The Louer being wounded with his Ladis beutie, requireth mercy.*
*To the tune of Apelles.*

THe liuelie sparkes of those two eyes,
my wounded hart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuise,
To stay the rage of my desire,
with sighs and trembling tears I craue
my deare on me some pitie haue.
¶ In vewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:
Vntill I felt the fethered boy,

Ay

Ay flickring in my captiue brest:
Since that time loe, in deepe dispaire,
all voide of ioy, my time I weare.
¶ The wofull prisoner *Palemon*,
And *Troylus* eke kinge *Pyramus* sonne,
Constrained by loue did neuer mone:
As I my deer for thee haue done.
Let pitie then requite my paines,
My life and death in thee remaines.
¶ If constant loue may reape his hire,
And faith vnfained may purchace:
Great hope I haue to my desire.
Your gentle hart wil grant me grace,
Til then (my deer) in few words plaine,
In pensiue thoughts I shall remaine.

*The lamentation of a woman being wrongfully defamed. To the tune of Damon & Pithias.*

YOu Ladies falsly deemd,
of anie fault or crime:
Command your pensiue harts to help
this dolefull tune of mine:
For spiteful men there are,
that faults would fain espie:
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willingly would die.
¶ I waile oft times in woe,
and curse mine houre of birth,
Such slanderous pangs do me oppresse,
when others ioy in mirth:
Belike

Belike it was ordaind to be my destinie.
Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.
¶ A thousand good women,
haue guiltlesse been accusde:
For verie spite, although that they,
their bodies neuer abusde:
the godly *Susāna* accused was falsly. alas &c.
¶ The poisoned *Pancalier*,
ful falsly did accuse
The good Dutchesse of *Sauoy*,
because she did refuse,
To grant vnto his loue,
that was so vngodlie. Alas what, &c
¶ Such false dissembling men,
stoong with *Alectos* dart:
Must needs haue place to spit their spite,
vpon some guiltlesse hart:
Therefore, I must be pleasde,
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.
¶ Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,
the like death downe to send,
Vpon these false suspected men,
or else their minds t'amend:
As thou hast done tofore,
vnto these persons three. Alas what, &c.

*A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue a pretie thing to give vnto my Ladie. To the tune of lustie Gallant.*

¶ *Fain would I haue a pretie thing,*
*to giue vnto my Ladie:*

*I name*

*I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,*
*But as pretie a thing as may bee.*

TWentie iorneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hie me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to set some matter by me:
But I would faine haue a pretie thing, &c,
I name nothing, nor I meane nothing, &c.
¶ Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for straunge deuices:
God send me that my Ladie lackes,
I care not what the price is, thus faine, &c
¶ Some goe here, and some go there,
wheare gases be not geason:
And I goe gaping euery where,
but still come out of season. Yet faine, &c,
¶ I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
thats for my Ladies liking. Faine, &c.
¶ The Mercers pull me going by,
the Silkie wiues say, what lacke ye?
The thing you haue not, then say I.
ye foolish fooles, go packe ye. But fain &c.
¶ It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure:
Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure. But faine, &c.
¶ The Grauers of the golden showes,
with Iuelles do beset me.

The

The Shemsters in the shoppes that sowes,
they do nothing but let me: But faine, &c.
¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it,
I could for Money buy it than,
and say, faire Lady, take it. Thus, fain, &c.
¶ O Lady, what a lucke is this:
that my good willing misseth:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady wisheth.
Thus fain wold I haue had this preti thing
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I said no harme, nor I ment no harme,
but as pretie a thing as may be.

*A proper wooing Song, intituled: Maide will ye loue me: ye or no?*
*To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter went ouer the fielde.*

MAyde will ye loue me yea or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.
It can be no lesse then a sinfull deed,
trust me truely,
To linger a Louer that lookes to speede,
in due time duely.
¶ You Maids that thinke your selus as fine,
As *Venus* and all the Muses nine:
The Father himselfe whē he first made mā
trust me truely:
Made you for his help whē the world began
in due time duely.

[Then]

¶ Then sith Gods wil was euen so.
Why should you disdaine you Louer tho?
But rather with a willing heart,
Loue him truely?
For in so doing, you do but your part,
Let reason rule ye.
¶ Consider (sweet) what sighs and sobbes,
Do nip my heart with cruell throbbes,
And al (my deer) for the loue of you,
Trust me truly:
But I hope that you wil some mercie show,
In due time duely.
¶ If that you do my case well way,
And shew some signe whereby I may
Haue some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truely:
I count my selfe in a blessed case,
Let reason rule ye.
¶ And for my part, whilst I do liue,
To loue you most faithfully, my hād I giue,
Forsaking all other, for your sweet sake,
Trust me truly:
In token whereof, my troth I betake,
to your selfe most duely.
¶ And though for this time we must depart,
yet keep you this ring tru token of my hart,
Til time do serue, we méet againe,
Let reason rule ye.
Whē an answer of cōfort, I trust to obtain,
In due time duly.

Now

Now must I depart with sighing teares,
With sobbing heart and burning eares:
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
trust me truly:
But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
in due time duly.

*The painefull plight of a Louer oppressed with the beautifull looks of his Lady. To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel.*

WHē as thy eies, ỹ wretched spies
did breed my cause of care:
And sisters three did full agree,
my fatall threed to spare.
Then let these words ingrauen be,
on toomb whereas I lie,
That here lies one whom spiteful loue,
hath caused for to die.
¶ Somtimes I spend the night to end,
in dolors and in woe:
Somtime againe vnto my pain,
my chiefest ioy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy shape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell:
Whome nowe I knowe, as proofe doth (show
I loued thee ouer wel.
¶ How oft within my wreathed arme,
desired I to folde:
Thy Christall corps, of whom I ioyed,
more dearer than of golde.

But

But now disdaine, dooth breede my paine,
and thou canst not denie:
But that I loued thee ouer well:
that caused me to die.
The hound that serues his Maisters will,
in raunging here and there,
The moyling Horse, that labours still,
his burthen great to beare:
In lew of paine, receiues aganè,
of him which did him owe:
As Natures heast, wiles most & least
them thankefull for to showe.
¶ The Lyon and the Tyger fierce,
as Nature doth them binde:
For loue, like loue repay againe:
in Stories we doo finde:
Those beasts & birds both wild & tame,
of frendships lore can tell:
But thy reply, willes me to die.
that loued thee ouer well.
¶ Therfore, my deare and Darling faire,
ensample take by those,
Which equally with loue againe,
their louing mindes dispose:
And giue him glee, whose death we s[ee]
approcheth very nie:
Without he gaine, to ease his paine,
which loued thee hartely.
¶ Then shall they say that see the same,
where euer that they goe:

And

And wish for ay, as for thy pay,
all *Nestors* yeares to know:
And I no lesse then all the rest,
should wish thee health for aye:
Because thou hast heard my request,
and saued me from decay.

*A faithfull vow of two constant Louers*
*To the new Rogero.*

SHall distance part our loue,
or daily choice of chaunge?
Or sprites below, or Gods aboue,
haue power to make vs straunge:
¶ No nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made or wrought,
Shall force me to forget.
goodwill so dearely bought,
¶ And for my part I vow,
to serue for terme of life:
Which promise may compare with her,
which was *Vlisses* wife.
¶ Which vow if I doo breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Eche plague that on the earth may raigne,
I aske not one, but all.
¶ Though time may breede suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes:
And absence may a mischefe breede,
to let your wished ioyes:
¶ Yet thinke I haue a troth,
and honesty to keepe:

And

And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,
within my hart so deep.
¶ And peise the words I spake,
and marke my countenance then:
And let not slip no earnest sigh,
if thou remember can.
¶ At least forget no teares,
that trickled downe my face:
And marke howe oft I wroong your hand,
and blushed all the space.
¶ Remember how I sware,
and strook therewith my brest:
In witnesse when thou partst me fro,
my heart with thee should rest.
¶ Thinke on the eger lookes,
full loth to leaue thy sight,
That made the signes when that she list,
to like no other wight.
¶ If this be out of thought,
yet call to minde againe,
The busie sute, the much adoe,
the labour and the paine,
¶ That at the first I had,
ere thy good will I gate:
And think how for thy loue [al]one,
I purchase partly hate.
¶ But all is one with me,
my heart so setled is:
No friend, nor foe, nor want of wealth,
shall neuer hurt in this.

Be

¶ Be constant now therefore,
and faithfull to the end?
Be carefull how we both may do,
to be ech others friend.
¶ With free and cleane consent,
two hearts in one I knit:
Which for my part, I vow to keep,
and promise not to flit,
¶ Now let this vow be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine:
So shal two harts be in one breast,
and both of them be thine.

*A sorrowfull Sonet, made by M. George Mannington, at Cambridge Castle. To the tune of Labandala Shot.*

I Waile in wo, I plunge in pain,
with sorowing sobs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wish to die,
I languish sore whereas I lie,
In feare I faint in hope I holde,
With ruthe I runne, I was too bolde:
As lucklesse lot assigned me,
in dangerous dale of destinie:
Hope bids me smile, Feare bids me weep,
My seelie soule thus Care doth keep.
¶ Yea too too late I do repent,
the youthful yeares that I haue spent,
The retch lesse race of carelesse kinde,
which hath bewitcht my woful minde.

Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.
No bragging boast of gentle blood,
What so he be, can do thee good:
No wit, no strength, nor beauties hue,
No friendly sute can death eschue.
¶ The dismall day hath had his wil,
And iustice seekes my life to spill:
Reuengement craues by rigorous law,
Whereof I little stood in awe:
The dolefull doom to end my life,
Bedect with care and worldlie strife:
And frowning iudge hath giuen his doome.
O gentle death thou art welcome:
The losse of life, I do not feare,
Then welcome death, the end of care.
¶ O prisoners poore, in dungeon deep,
Which passe the night in slumbring sleep:
Wel may you rue your youthful race.
And now lament your cursed cace.
Content your selfe with your estate,
Impute no shame to fickle fate:
With wrong attempts, increase no wealth,
Regard the state of prosperous health:
And think on me, when I am dead:
Whom such delights haue lewdly led.
¶ My friend and parents, where euer you be
Full little do you thinke on me:
My mother milde, and dame so deer:
Thy louing childe, is fettred heer:

Would

Would God I had, I wish too late,
Been bred and borne of meaner estate:
Or else, would God my rechlesse eare,
Had been obedient for to heare,
Your sage aduice and counsel true:
But in the Lord parents adue.
¶ You valiant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain:
A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where euer you be:
trust not too much to bilbow blade,
nor yet to fortunes fickle trade.
Hoist not your sailes no more in winde,
Least that some rocke, you chaunce to finde,
or else be driuen to *Lybia* land,
whereas the Barque may sinck in sand.
¶ You students all that present be,
To view my fatall destinie,
would God I could requite your pain,
wherein you labour, although in vain,
if mightie God would think it good,
to spare my life and vitall blood,
For this your profered curtesie,
I would remaine most stedfastly,
Your seruant true in deed and word,
But welcome death, as please the Lord.
¶ Yea welcome death, the end of woe,
And farewell life, my fatall foe:
Yea welcome death, the end of strife,
Adue the care of mortall life,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heauen I hope to liue for ay:
A place of ioy and perfect rest,
Which Christ hath purchaste for the best:
Til that we meet in heauen most hiest:
Adue, farewell in Iesu Christ.

*A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damsell, to her faithful Louer. To, the nine Muses.*

THe ofter that I view and see,
That plesant face and faire beautie,
whereto my heart is bound:
The neer my Miftresse is to me,
My health is farthest off I see:
and fresher is my wound:
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
or streams consume by raigne,
So doth the sight that I desire,
appease my grief and paine:
Like a flie that doth hie,
and haste into the fire:
So in brief, findes her grief,
that thought to sport aspire.
¶ When first I saw those Christal streams,
I little thought on beauties beams:
sweet venom to haue found,
But wilful wil did prick me foorth,
Perforce to take my grief in woorth,
that causd my mortall wound:
And *Cupid* blind compeld me so,
my fruitlesse hope to hide:

Wherein

Wherein remaind my bitter wo:
thus stil he did me guide:
Then his dart, to my hart,
he slung with cruell fist:
Whose poison fel, I know right wel,
no louer may resist.
¶ Thus vainly stil, I frame my sute,
Of ill sowen seeds, such is the frute,
experience doth it show:
The fault is hers the pain is mine,
And thus my sentence I define,
I hapned on a shrow:
And now beware, ye yongmen all,
Example take by mee:
Least beauties bait in *Cupids* thrall,
do catch you priuily:
So stay you, I pray you,
and marke you my great wrong,
Forsaken, not taken,
thus end I now my song.

*The Louer complaineth the absence of his Ladie, wisheth for death.*
*To, the new Almaine.*

SIth spitefull spite hath spide her time,
my wished ioies to end:
And drowping dread hath driuen me
from my new chosen friend: (now
I can but waile the want,
of this my former ioie:
Sith spiteful force hath sought so long,
my blisse for to annoie.

¶ B

¶ But though it be our chance
asunder for to be,
My heart in pawne til we do meet,
Shal stil remaine with thee:
And then we shall renue,
our sugred pleasures past:
And loue that loue, that seekes no change,
whilst life in vs do last.
¶ Perhaps my absence may,
or else some other let:
By choice of change, cause thee my deer,
our former loue forget:
And thou renounce the oth,
which erst thou vowdst to me:
My deerest blood in recompence,
thou sure shouldst shortly see.
A thousand sighs to sēd to thee I wil not let,
Ne to bewaile the losse of thee, I neuer will
But stil suppose I see, (forget
the same before my face:
And louingly, between my armes,
thy corps I do embrace.
¶ Thus feed I fancie stil,
for lacke of greater ioy:
With such like thoughts, which daily doth,
my wofull heart annoy:
thus stil in hope I liue,
my wished ioies to haue:
And in dispaire oft time I wish,
my feeble Corps in graue.

This

¶ This is the life I leade, til I thee see again
And so wil do, til dreadful death,
do seek to ease my paine,
whō rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
than for to liue in happie state,
thy loue for to forgo.
¶ And thus farewell my deer,
with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did write,
sith he doth loue thee best:
And wil til greedie death,
my daies do shorten now:
Farewel my dear, loe here my faith
and troth to thee I vow. *Finis.*

*The Louer compareth him self to the painful Falconer. To the tune, I loued her ouer wel.*

THe soaring hawk from fist that flies,
her Falconer doth constraine:
Sometime to range the ground vnto find her out againe: (known,
And if by sight or sound of bell,
his falcon he may see:
wo ho he cries, with cheerful voice,
the gladdest man is he.
¶ By Lure then in finest sort,
he seekes tō bring her in:
But if that she, ful gorged be,
he can not so her win:
Although her becks and bending eies,
she manie proffers makes:

Wo ho ho he cries, awaie she flies,
and so her leaue she takes.
¶ This wofull man with wearie limmes,
runnes wandring round about:
At length by noise of chattering Pies,
his hawke againe found out
His heart was glad his eies had seen,
his falcon swift of flight:
Wo ho ho he cries, she emptie gorgde,
vpon his Lure doth light.
¶ How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel:
He swam in blisse that lately felt
like paines of cruel hel.
His hand somtime vpon her train,
somtime vpon her brest:
Wo ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at rest.
¶ My deer likewise, beholde thy loue,
what paines he doth indure:
And now at length let pitie moue,
to stoup vnto his Lure.
A hood of silk, and siluer belles,
new gifts I promise thee:
Wo ho ho, I crie, I come then saie,
make me as glad as hee.

*FINIS.*

# FRAGMENT OF ANOTHER EDITION OF THE *HANDFUL*

This single leaf, corresponding to lines 1581–1645 of the *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, was found by J. W. Ebsworth among John Bagford's collection of early printed matter at the British Museum. The press-mark is 643. m. 9 (83). Ebsworth reprinted the leaf in his *Bagford Ballads*, 1878, I, 41 f., and Arber in his edition of the *Handful*, pp. xv f. In both reprints the contractions are expanded, lines are re-arranged, and the stanzas are normalized so that the early date of the leaf is obscured. Ebsworth, to be sure, believed that it was earlier in date than the *Handful*.

The typography itself seems to show that the leaf belongs to the third quarter of the sixteenth century and, therefore, that it antedated the 1584 *Handful*. Taken in connection with the Stationers' entry of 1566 and with the early dates of most of the ballads that appear in the *Handful*, it seems highly probable that the leaf actually came from the first edition of the *Pleasant Sonnets* in 1566. See the discussion on pages x–xiii, above.

The following misprints occur in this fragment:

2 flayest (*read* slayest)
8 flay (*read* slay)
39 *Pryamus*, (*read Pryamus* son,)
61 oft times (*text perhaps* ofttimes)

The chief verbal differences (ignoring mere spelling) between the fragment and the corresponding lines of the *Handful* are:

6 thy Nurse: 1587 the Nurse
8 flay: 1589 rent
11 fild: 1592 luld
55 Constraine: 1635 Command

All flayest the heart, whom thou maist help,
¶ A craggie Rock thy cradle was,
And Tygres milke sure was thy food:
Whereby Dame Nature brought to passe,
That like thy Nurse should be thy moode,
Wilde and vnkind, cruell and fell.
To flay the heart that loues thee well.
¶ The Crocodile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou haste fild my simple eares,
To heare sweet words, full fraught with wiles
That I may say, as I doo prooue,
Wo worth the time I gan to loue.
¶ Sith thou haste vow'd to worke my wracke,
And haste no will my wealth to way,
Farewell vnkind, I will keepe backe
Such toyes as may my health decay:
And still will crie, as I haue cause,
Fie vpon loue and all his lawes.

*The Louer being wounded with his Ladies beautie, requireth mercy. To the tune of Apelles.*

THe liuely sparkes of those two eyes,
My wounded heart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuise,
To stay the rage of my desire:
with sighes and trembling teares I craue
My deare, on me some pitty haue,
¶ In viewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:

Vntill I felt the feathered boy,
Ay flickering in my captiue breast:
Since that time loe, in deep dispaire,
All voyd of ioy, my time I weare,
¶ The wofull prisoner *Palemon*,
And *Troylus* eke, King *Pryamus*,
Constrain'd by loue did neuer mone,
As I (my deare) for the haue done,
Let pitie then requite my paines
My life and death in thee remaines.
¶ If constant loue may reape his hire,
And faith vnfained may purchase,
Great hope I haue to my desire,
Your gentle heart will grant me grace,
Till then (my deare) in few words plaine,
In pensiue thoughts I shall remaine.

*The lamentation of a woman being wrongfullie defamed. To the tune of Damon and Pythias.*

YOu Ladies falselie deem'd
of any fault or crime,
Constraine your pensiue heartes to help
this dolefull tune of mine:
For spitefull men there are,
That faults would faine espie:
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willinglie would die:
¶ I waile oft times in woe,
And curse mine houre of birth:
Such slanderous pangs doe me oppresse,
when others ioy in mirth, B[elike]

# LIST OF MISPRINTS AND VARIANT READINGS

This list enumerates: (1) every misprint in the 1584 *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (*H*) except errors of punctuation, which I have left unchanged in the text; (2) every variation (and each is unintentional) from *H* in Crossley's edition for the Spenser Society (*S*); (3) every variation from *H* in Arber's edition (*A*) except words that Arber modernized by brackets or contractions that he expanded; and (4) a few variations in Park's edition (*P*). The last edition is too hopelessly inaccurate to deserve fuller citation. A glance through the list shows that *S* is not altogether successful as an exact reprint of *H* and that *A* is less carefully revised than is customary in Arber's work. References are to lines as numbered in the present edition.

I. The Printer to the Reader

5 *m[ight] A: m. (though the period may be a broken i) H: may P, S*
9 *pleasant A: pleasaut H, S*
19 *regard A: regnrd H, S*

II. Text of the "Sonnets"

67 [Le]tting: tting *H, S, A. Apparently* Le *was dropped from the form in printing*
104 vse, *H, S:* vse. *A*
188 purchase *A:* purchasr *H, S*
203 now *S, A:* uow *H*
210 sometimes *A:* sometlmes *H, S*
279 be, *H, S:* be. *A, but the period is imperfect*
350 wooed *S, A: H is badly blurred, type broken*
357 *her, H, S: hr, A*
385 will *A*
386 as (the first one): ss *H, S:* so *A*
403 *Beauties A: Bɔauties H, S*

480 to *A:* so *H, S*
496 be ware *S, and there may be a slight separation in H*
560 not *A:* no} *H, S*
596 [Thy] *trimmed off in H. Only the top of the* T *remains. S has* Thy
628 [Faire] *entirely cut off, though S has* Faire
649 griefe *A*
724 [Mar-] *entirely cut off, though S has* Mar-
736 race. *A*
751 hugie *S, A:* bugie *H, P*
756 *S has* Abroad; *in H all but the top is cut off*
791 My *A:* (My *S, and so possibly H, but the parenthesis is, if intended, badly broken*
794 *Narcissus S, A: Narcislus H*
809 go, *A:* go. *S, H, but the dot inH is very small*
815 la[dy] *A:* la *H, S*
824 mercie *S, A:* merrie *H*
840 *Cecilia A*
856 'No, *A*
864 ioy, *S:* ioy. *A, and possibly H*
892 Wel *A:* Wil *H, S*
931 way. *A:* way, *S, and apparently H, but the mark is blurred*
959 Ou *A:* YOu *H, S*
971 renowne, *S, A:* reuowne, *H*
1008 fare, *S:* fare. *A, H, but the period in H may be a bad comma*
1038 band. *H:* hand. *P, S, A*
1096 *you S, A: yon H*
1097 *To A: to H, S*
1100 deny *A:* de ny *H,S* 1103 sir *A*
1109 beleue *A*, greues *A*
1113 about *A*
1117 is *S, A:* i s *H*
1127 well *A*, you, *A*
1139 running, *S, A:* runniug, *H*

1216 *beautie, A*
1230 *Sonets S: onets H*
1263 rule *S*, *A:* rnle *H*
1286 true. *S*, *A:* trne. *H*
1317 bent, *S*, *A:* bcnt, *H, or else the* e *is broken*
1333 make *A:* made *H*, *S*
1338 to *S*, *A:* io *H*
1373 wordes *A*
1381 may *A:* way *H*, *S*
1394 saue. *S*, *A:* sane. *H*
1427 shold *A*
1451 true *S*, *A:* trne *H*
1454 *sundrie S: s* ⸗ *drie H*
1466 thinke *S*, *A:* thiuke *H*
1467 blisfull *A*, *S: H apparently* blissull
1517 An[d] *H is torn and blurred. S has* And
1531 *faithfuli H* 1546 more. *A*
1555 rew, *S*, *and the point in H may be a bad comma*
1568 *Intituled. H, S: Intituled A*
1579 prooue *S*, *A:* proone *H*
1582 [¶ A] *H is torn, and only the top of the* ¶ *remains. S has* A
1592 simple eares, *A and the fragment printed on page* 73. *H is too blurred to decipher. P has* sleep to cares; *S* stinted eares,
1595 gan *H?*, *the fragment* (*cf. p.* 73), *and A:* give *S*
1610 pity *S*
1653 accusde *A.* &c.*H apparently* &c'.
1653 falsly *S*, *A:* falsly. *H, though the period is very dim*
1657 refuse. *S*, *A:* refuse, *H, apparently, though the comma is broken*
1659 &c. *S*, *A:* &c *H*
1673 my *A:* ɯy *H*, *S*
1679 Inane *H no* (first one) *A*, *S: uo H*
1685 &c. *S:* &c, *H*, *A*
1690 &c. *S:* &c *H*, *A*

1691 goe (second one) *A:* go *H*, *S*
1694 &c. *A*, *S:* &c, *H, or else the comma is a blurred period*
1701 I, *S*, *A:* I. *H, or else the period is a broken comma*
1727 *Marchaunts H (though the first a is badly blurred, perhaps broken), S: Mirchaunts A*
1729 MAyde: *the* A *is broken in H*
1741 [Then] *cut off in H:* Then *S*
1775 sighingteares *H*
1814 receiues *A*, *S*, *but in H the blurred or broken type makes the spelling doubtful*
1816 wiles: *H is too badly blurred to be certain*
1817 thaukefull *H*
1822 birds, *S*
1824 die, *S*
1830 see *S:* s *H:* s[ee] *A* 1833 loued *S*, *A:* loned *H*
1834 they: th[e]y *A:* thy *H*, *S*
1853 good will *S*
1854 any *A:* my *H*, *S*
1866 troth, *S*, *A:* ttoth, *H*
1874 ernest *A*
1894 [al]one, *H is torn:* alone, *S*, *A*
1916 *tune A: tnne H*, *S*
1931 [Such] *not in H or S*
1945 frowning *S*, *A:* frowuing *H*
2001 hiest: *H*, *A:* blest: *S*
2003–4 *to to H*, *S*, *A*
2016 into *S*, *A:* iuto *H*
2030 thus *A:* hthus *H*, *S*
2030 guide r *H:* guide; *S:* guide? *A*
2032 flung *S:* slung *H*, *A*
2060 ¶ B: u B *H*, *S*
2077 shouldst *S*, *A:* shonldst *H*
2080 still *A*
2109 *Falconer. S, A: Falcouer. H*
2109 *To A:* TO *H*, *S*
2125 *Histories, H: Histories. S*
2126 flies, *S*, *A:* flies *H*

# NOTES

*For words and phrases on which no notes are given, see the Glossarial Index.*

*In the Notes the following works are cited by brief titles or abbreviations: —*

Arber = *A Transcript of the Registers of the Company of Stationers of London; 1554–1640*, edited by Edward Arber, 5 vols., London, 1875–1894.

Chappell, William. *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 2 vols., London, n. d.

Collier, J. P. *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company* [1557–1587], 2 vols., Shakespeare Society, London, 1848–1849.

Collmann, Herbert L. *Ballads and Broadsides, Chiefly of the Elizabethan Period*, Roxburghe Club, 1912. [The so-called Heber ballads reprinted in this book are now owned by Mr. Henry E. Huntington.]

*Gorgeous Gallery* = J. P. Collier's reprint (1867) of *A gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inuentions . . . ioyned together and builded vp: By T. P.* [Thomas Proctor.] Imprinted at London, for Richard Iones. 1578.

Lilly's *Ballads* = *A Collection of Seventy-Nine Black-Letter Ballads and Broadsides, Printed in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, London, 1867. [Joseph Lilly wrote the Preface and printed the book.]

MS. Ashmole 48 = *Songs and Ballads, With Other Short Poems, Chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary*. Edited from a Manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, by Thomas Wright, Roxburghe Club, 1860.

MS. Cotton Vespasian A. XXV. The ballads from this MS. are reprinted by K. Boeddeker in the *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache*, Neue Folge, vols. II and III.

*N. E. D.* = *The New English Dictionary*.

*Paradise* = J. P. Collier's reprint (1867) of *The Paradyse of daynty deuises. . . . Devised and written for the most part, by M. Edwardes. . . .* Imprinted at London, by Henry Disle, . . . 1578.

*Pleasant Sonnets.* The 1566 edition of the *Handful of Pleasant Delights.* See the discussion in the Introduction, pp. x–xiii, above.

### *The Printer to the Reader* (Page 2)

6. *here may you wish and haue.* 'In this book you may have such pleasing songs as you may wish for, or desire.'

10. *lightly.* Easily; practically equivalent to 'as you are at all likely to crave.'

### *No. 1, Line 1*

A book called *a nose gaye* was licensed to John King in 1557 (Arber, I, 75), and Collier (*Extracts*, I, 3) suggested that the "book" was really the present ballad. That identification, however, is too doubtful to be accepted. Probably No. 1 was the ballad called "A Smellinge Nosegaye" that John Cherlewood registered on January 15, 1582 (Arber, II, 406), though that title is equally applicable to "A pleasant Poesie, or sweete Nosegay of fragrant smellyng Flowers gathered in the Garden of heauenly Pleasure, the holy and blessed Bible" (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 5). If No. 1 and "A Smellinge Nosegaye" were identical, it of course follows that No. 1 was not in the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566. Naturally enough, an Elizabethan printer would have begun a second edition of his miscellany with a new ballad.

From some edition of the *Handful* this ballad was liberally plagiarized by the author of "The Flattering Louers farewell to his Loue Nanny. To the tune of *Virginia*," a ballad in the Pepys Collection (I, 332) which Edward Wright printed about 1620. The following stanzas from the second part of the Pepys ballad (called "The Comfortable answere of *Nanny*") may be quoted for illustration:

[11]

Though Fortune do not fauour me,
  according to my will:
The proofe of my behauiour,
  is for to loue you still,

[12]

Intending not to change,
  so long as life doth last:
But in thy youth to run thy race,
  till youthfull daies be past.

[16]

But time is for to try,
  which needs be tryed must:
Hoping in God, while life doth last,
  you wil be true and iust.

[19]

Lauender is for Louers true,
  whiche I doe meane to keepe:
Rosemary for remembrance,
  till we againe doe meete.

[20]

Carnations is for graciousnes,
  marke this well by the way:
Giue no regard to flatterers,
  nor passe not what they say.

No. 1 was reprinted for the first time in Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810, I, 1. Mrs. C. C. Stopes, who reprinted it, from Malone's manuscript copy, in her *William Hunnis* (1910, pp. 307 ff., and cf. 206 ff.), thinks it may be the *Nosegay* that Thomas Newton ascribes to Hunnis in his *Hive full of Honey* (1578).

3. *fairings*. Presents given at or brought from a fair. Ballads of advice or admonition were favorite fairings.

20. *flower his*. Flower's (possessive case). Cf. line 132.

21. *Lauander*. "Lauender alures the lookers eyes," — *Paradise*, p. 87. Cf. line 31, note.

31. *Rosemarie is for remembrance.* Ophelia (*Hamlet*, IV, v, 174 ff.), commentators agree, quotes this passage: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts. . . . There's fennel for you." Cf. Drayton's *Ninth Eclogue:*

> He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
> Shewing her love, and doth requital crave;
> Him rosemary his sweet-heart, whose intent
> Is that he her should in remembrance have.

A somewhat similar passage dealing with pansies and columbines is in Chapman's *All Fools*, II, i, 232 ff. See also John Ingram's *Flora Symbolica*, pp. 200 ff.

39. *Sage is for sustenance.* "Cowley ascribes to *sage* the virtues here attributed to *rosemary*, and from its strengthening and bracing powers, infers its high reputation among medicaments for the memory. See his first book of Herbs" (Park's note). In *Muiopotmos* (1590), line 187, Spenser speaks of "the wholsome saulge." Cf. the old medical maxim, "Cur moriatur homo dum salvia crescit in horto?"

41. *stil lie.* That is, always, continually (as in lines 43, 75). *Continually* in line 42 is redundant.

47. *Fenel.* The *Paradise*, p. 86, describes fennel as "more fit, for some vnfrendly gest."

59. *And wil continue.* The sense is, 'and hoping that you will continue.'

65. *Time.* Thyme. The author is obviously punning on the proverb, "Time [not *thyme*] trieth all things" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, 1882, p. 419).

81. *Ieliflowers.* Gillyflowers. "Some ioly youth the Gelliflower estemeth for his ioye," — *Paradise*, p. 87.

103. *I do not care.* 'I feel no anxiety.'

104. *stil vse, That.* 'Still conduct myself so that.'

115. *Cowsloppes is for counsell.* That is, cowslips are for secrets, or secrecy. Of cowslips the *Paradise*, p. 86, says, "Sometymes thei seme to coy."

123. *I pray.* *Read* ¶ I pray.
132. *he, his.* Referring to the nosegay.

### *No. 2, Line 134*

Though not registered at Stationers' Hall, this ballad was probably printed by 1566. Such a date is indicated by the tune, *Downright squire* (used also for No. 13), as this tune was well known and popular in and shortly before 1566. It occurs, for example, as the tune of a ballad in MS. Ashmole 48 (ed. Wright, p. 191), a manuscript that was certainly compiled before that year ended (cf. my notes in *Modern Language Notes*, XXXIV [1919], 340–351). It is used also for an early ballad in Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 105.

L. Gibson, the author, signed his name as Leonarde Gybson to "A very proper Dittie: To the tune of Lightie Loue" (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 113). His *Tower of Trustinesse*, a work in prose and verse, is dated 1555 in Lilly's *Ballads*, p. xxx, and 1534 in W. C. Hazlitt's *Handbook to the Popular Literature of Great Britain*, p. 228; but I have not seen this book. Another work of Gibson's is dated 1582 in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 219, and in Charles Crawford's *Englands Parnassus*, p. xx. A Leonard Gibson, most probably our ballad-writer, was a student and chorister at New College, Oxford, in 1564–65 (Clark's *Register of Oxford*, II, ii, 22; Foster's *Alumni Oxoniensis*, Early Series, II, 562). It appears, then, very probable that Gibson had written No. 2 in time for its inclusion in the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566.

134. *Tantara.* Often *taratantara*, an echoic word describing the sound of a trumpet (occasionally the beating of a drum). George Puttenham (*Art of English Poesy*, 1589, ed. Arber, p. 192), defining *onomatopœia*, observes, "As the poet *Virgil* said of the sounding a trumpet, *ta-ra-tant*, *tara-tantara*." Ballads called "A translated tantura of transetories present and terrors to come" and "the saylers newe tantara" were licensed on March 5, 1579, and July 19, 1584 (Arber, II, 348, 434). For ballads with a "tantara" refrain see Lilly's

*Ballads*, pp. 105, 292. Many other examples of the use of the word are cited in the *N. E. D.*, where a reference is also given to the famous verse of Ennius, "At tuba horribili sonitu taratantara dixit."

137. Supply the speaker's name, *Danea.*

153. After *ray* supply the refrain.

166. *Read* ¶ My.

171 f. The meaning seems to be: 'Methinks I hear your praise, methinks I hear (hear of) the race (course, or career) of your virtue.'

175. Supply *Danea.*

184. Supply *Diophon.*

### *No. 3, Line 196*

The tune appears to be unknown.

In lines 267–270 the author bids farewell to Cambridge University in general and to "Gunuil Hall" in particular. Thanks to this passage, he can be unquestionably identified with the Thomas Richardson, aged eighteen, who was admitted pensioner to Gonville and Caius College on April 28, 1572 (*Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College*, ed. John Venn, I, 69). In all probability he was the "T. Richeson" whose name is signed to a ballad "To the toune of 'The raire & greatest gift'" (a tune named from the first line of a ballad that was registered on March 4, 1560, Arber, I, 127, and that is preserved in MS. Ashmole 48, ed. Wright, p. 44), found in MS. Cotton Vespasian A. XXV (ed. Boeddeker, II, 362). No. 3, then, was written in or after 1572, and of course was not in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets.*

The first reprint of this ballad was made by Thomas Evans, *Old Ballads*, I (1810), 59.

223. *hugie heape.* "The hugie heape of cares, that in this world I finde," — *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 32.

235. *the Snake doth lie.* "In pleasant greene, doo stinging serpents lye," "I see the Serpent vile, that lurkes vnder the grene," — *Paradise*, pp. 29, 100; "I know vnder the

grene the serpent how he lurkes," — *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 6; "A poisoned serpent couered all with flowers," — William Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets, & songs*, 1588, No. 25. The figure perhaps shows the influence of Virgil's "latet anguis in herba."

236. *ouergrowde.* *Read* ouergrown.

270. *Gunuil Hall.* See note to line 196, above.

### *No. 4, Line 287*

The first line of this ballad, "Attend thee, go play thee," is used as the tune of a ballad called "The Louer exhorteth his Lady to bee constant," in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, 1578, p. 49 (cf. Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 223). It is, therefore, self-evident that No. 4 is imitated by the *Gallery* ballad — not *vice versa* — and that it is at least earlier in date than 1578. The *Gallery* ballad begins as follows:

> Not light of loue lady,
> Though fancy doo prick thee,
> Let constancy possesse thy hart:
> Well worthy of blamyng:
> They bee, and defaming,
> From plighted troth which backe do start:
> Deare dame:
> Then ficklenesse bannish,
> And folly extinguish,
> Bee skilfull in guiding,
> And stay thee from slidinge
> And stay thee. &c.

In the *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, 1579 (Shakespeare Society ed., p. 20), Wantonness sings a song "to the tune of 'Attend the goe playe the,'" probably suggested by the *Gallery* ballad, which was then new. No. 4 may well have been in the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566, although no date earlier than 1578 can be proved.

No. 4 is answered by the ballad next following (No. 5), and may also have been the work of "Peter Picks." The first three stanzas appear, with many verbal changes, in a

spurious MS. formerly owned by J. P. Collier (cf. the notes to No. 15).

290. Proverbial. Cf. "Blest is the wooing thats not long a dooing," — *Sir Giles Goosecap*, sig. F$^{v}$ (*Tudor Facsimile Texts*); "I like the wooing, that's not long a doing," — *King Leir* (Hazlitt, *Shakespeare's Library*, II, ii, 328); "Blest be the wooing speeds so soon of love," — *The Play of Stucley* (Simpson, *The School of Shakspere*, I, 162); "Short wooing is the best," — *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, sc. 13 (Gayley, *Representative English Comedies*, I, 620).

293. *silk and twist*. *Twist* is a noun meaning 'thread.' That the phrase is correct as it stands, and that it is not, as might be supposed, a misprint for *silken twist*, seems certain from the appearance of *seame and silke* in line 304.

301. The line should be repeated as a refrain.

307. Proverbial. "Hot love soon cold" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 217). Cf. "I see well hote love is soone colde," — Lodge, *Rosalynd* (*Works*, ed. Hunterian Club, p. 91); "Itt is told of old, soone hott, soone cold," — *The Nutbrown Maid*, line 127 (*Percy Folio Manuscript*, ed. Hales and Furnivall, III, 181); "This is hot love, that vanisheth like vapours," — Fletcher, *The Maid in the Mill*, III, iii.

332. Proverbial. "The tide tarrieth no man" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 400).

334. One line — perhaps *How then?* — was omitted by the printer.

## *No. 5, Line 354*

This ballad is in the same measure, and was probably written by the same person, as No. 4. Peter Picks is no doubt a pseudonym. No. 5 must be of about the same date as No. 4.

364. *better change*. That is, better exchange, meaning 'to exchange me for a better man.'

377. *Goe too*. That is, *go to!* This should be a separate line (like line 365), but the arrangement of the stanzas is confused throughout.

380. Supply ¶.

387. Supply ¶.

399. *Nicibicetur* (or *nicebecetur*), a fanciful formation from *nice*, meaning a dainty (hard-to-please) person. The *N. E. D.* cites four or five instances of the word earlier than 1584.

### *No. 6, Line 403*

The initials I. P. may possibly be those of John Pitt (or Pitts), a prolific writer of broadsides, who flourished *circa* 1560; but, as Pitt's extant work is all religious in character, the attribution to him of this secular ditty would seem to be of dubious validity. In 1571 Richard Jones, the printer of the *Handful*, published a broadside on "A meruaylous straunge deformed Swyne" (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 186) that is signed by an I. P. who may have been the author of No. 6.

The title of the ballad means: "Dame Beauty's Reply to the Lover Who Wrote a Complaint Called 'Where is the life that late I led?'" No. 6 is, to repeat, a reply to a lost ballad that began — as the snatch sung by Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i, 143, evidences —

> Where is the life that late I led?
> Where are those. . . .

That the words of the second line omitted by Petruchio were "pleasant days" is indicated not only by the phrase, "pleasant to thine eies," in line 407 of the *Handful*, but also by Pistol's remark in *2 Henry IV*, V, iii, 147 f. (cf. Anders, *Shakespeare's Books*, p. 181):

> "Where is the life that late I led?" say they:
> Why, here it is; welcome these pleasant days!

This lost ballad was undoubtedly that registered by Richard Jones about March, 1566 (Arber, I, 308), as "a newe ballet of one who myslykeng his lybertie soughte his owne bondage through his owne folly." It may have been suggested by a ballad, beginning

> My frynd, the lyf I lead at all
> By thes fewe wordes perceave youe shall,

that had previously been registered (Arber, I, 306) and that is preserved in MS. Ashmole 48, ed. Wright, p. 38.

The facts just given furnish good evidence that No. 6 had appeared before the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets* was compiled. That it had appeared before 1578 is certain, for it is imitated in the *Gorgeous Gallery* (p. 51) by a poem called "The Louer wounded with his Ladies beauty craueth mercy. To the Tune of *where is the life that late I led.*" The priority of the *Handful* ballads to those contained in the *Gorgeous Gallery* is proved beyond cavil in my notes to Nos. 4, 18, 19, 23, and 27.

The tune is apparently unknown.

429. *the Gods of loue.* Possibly there is a faint reference here to William Elderton's extremely popular ballad of this title which is discussed in the introduction to No. 16.

435. The same idea is expressed in lines 233–234.

464. Possibly the *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 47, borrows this line: "My minde that erst was free."

473. Supply ¶.

483. Proverbial (cf. 505). "Spare to speak and spare to speed" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 355). Cf. "Who spareth to speke, he spareth to spede,"—Lydgate, *Kalendare, Aprilis* (Herrig's *Archiv*, LXXX, 119); "Who spareth to speke he spareth to spede," — Hawes, *The Pastime of Pleasure*, ed. Wright, p. 74 (and cf. p. 91); "For he that spares to speake must spare to speed,"—Heywood, *The Faire Maide of the Exchange* (*Dramatic Works*, ed. Pearson, II, 12).

489. *For taking holde*, etc. This seems to mean, 'It is too late (thou tell'st) to avoid capture — to fly from being caught.' *For* is apparently used in the sense, once common, of 'to prevent.' Cf. "Child Waters" (Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, No. 63, A, stanza 28):

> Take her up in thine armes two,
> For filinge [i.e. defiling] of her feete.

*No. 7, Line 511*

Chappell gives the tune of *Green sleeves* in his *Popular Music*, I, 228, and remarks that it was written in the reign of Henry VIII. In No. 7, however, the tune is called new, and the name occurs in the Stationers' Registers (Arber, II, 376) for the first time on September 3, 1580, when Richard Jones registered "A newe northen [*sic*] Dittye of ye Ladye Greene Sleves,"—certainly, I think, the present ballad. Within a very short space the following ballads were registered: "ye Ladie Greene Sleeves answere to Donkyn hir frende" on September 3, 1580; "Greene Sleves moralised to the Scripture Declaringe the manifold benefites and blessinges of God bestowed on sinfull manne" on September 15, 1580; "Greene Sleves and Countenaunce in Countenaunce is Greene Sleves" on September 18, 1580; "a merry newe Northen songe of Greenesleves begynninge the boniest lasse in all the land" on December 14, 1580; "A Reprehension againste Greene Sleves by William Elderton" on February 13, 1581; and "Greene Sleeves is worne awaie, Yellowe Sleeves Comme to decaie, Blacke Sleeves I holde in despite, But White Sleeves is my delighte," on August 24, 1581 (Arber, II, 376, 378, 384, 388, 400). It seems certain, then, that No. 7 was not in the *Pleasant Sonnets* of 1566 but was added to the 1584 *Handful*. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare twice refers to this ballad (II, i, 64; V, v, 22). It was first reprinted in George Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 3d ed., II (1803), 394. Later, with important notes, it was reprinted in F. W. Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume* (Percy Society, XXVII, 1849).

562. *grossie*. Dialectic for 'thickish,' 'luxuriant'; or perhaps a misprint for *grassie*.

579. *clothed all in green*. "Green indeed is the colour of lovers," — *Love's Labour's Lost*, I, ii, 90. "Knaves in Kendal green" were said to have assaulted Falstaff (*1 Henry IV*, II, iv, 246). In *Churchyard's Challenge* (1593) we read that "our fathers wore . . . kendall greene, in sommer for a

show." On the unluckiness of green see Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, II, 196 ff.

### *No. 8, Line 617*

The tune of *Row well, ye mariners*, is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 112. A ballad of that title was licensed to William Pekering in 1565–66, and within a short time a half dozen or more answers or imitations were licensed (Arber, I, 305, 340, 342, 355, 360, 362, 401). It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that No. 8 was written in 1565–66, when the ballad and the tune of "Row Well" were at the height of their popularity.

618. *L.* The ordinary abbreviation for *Lady*.

645. *lookes*. Possibly a misprint for *hookes* (baits, snares) or for *bookes*. In support of the latter conjecture note *pen* (line 635) and *lore* (line 639).

646. *gleams*. Bright glances. Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, V, i, 279: "For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams."

667. Cf. "My teares run down like streames," — *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 39.

671. *that froward is*. 'She that is disdainful or ungracious.'

690. *For why?* The phrase means *because* (cf. line 1011), and the question-mark is unnecessary.

### *No. 9, Line 698*

This ballad was registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 313) by Alexander Lacy under the title of "the goddes Diana &c." The tune of the *Quarter braules* was derived from a lost "ballett intituled *the Cater bralles bothe Wytty and mery*" that Thomas Colwell registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 298), and is possibly one of the thirty or more "braules" preserved in J. P. N. Land's *Het Luitboeck van Thysius*, Amsterdam, 1889. See the discussion in the London *Times Literary Supplement* for January 19, 1922, p. 45. Cotgrave's *Dictionarie*,

1611, defines *bransle* as "a brawle, or daunce, wherein many (men, and women) holding by the hands sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, moue all together."

Under the title of "A new Sonnet shewing how the Goddess Diana transformed Acteon into the shape of a Hart. To a new tune," this ballad appears in the *Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 520, where the editor, Chappell, lists a number of other late seventeenth-century copies. The phrase, "to a new tune," means 'to its own tune,' or 'to the tune of *Diana and her darlings dear*' — the first line. In my *Old English Ballads* (1920), p. 164, I showed that the tunes of *Diana* and *O man in desperation* (part of the music for the latter tune seems to be noted in Add. MS. 38,599, fol. 133$^{v}$) were probably identical, certainly interchangeable. In the London *Times Literary Supplement* for December 22, 1921, I pointed out also that a copy of the ballad, dating as early as 1624, is preserved in the Manchester Free Reference Library, and that this copy is to be sung "to the tune of *Rogero*." *Rogero* itself is a very old tune, the music for which is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 93. It seems to follow, then, that the tunes of *Diana*, *O man in desperation*, and *Rogero* could be interchanged at will. But as all the broadside copies have rearranged the metrical and stanza forms of No. 9, none of the tunes just mentioned can be identical with the *Quarter braules*.

Since No. 9 is fragmentary, and since no other ballad in this miscellany is known to exist in broadside form, the Manchester ballad, as the earliest broadside version of No. 9 extant, is here given from a copy furnished by the kindness of Mr. Geoffrey R. Axon, of the Manchester Free Reference Library. On the same sheet with this ballad is printed "A Lullaby" (see the *Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 525), at the end of which is the colophon, "London, Printed for I[ohn]. W[right]. dwelling in the Old-Bayly."

A new Sonnet, shewing how the Goddesse *Diana* transformed *Acteon* into the Shape of a Hart.

To the tune of, *Rogero.*

1 DIana and her Darlings Deare
went walking on a Day,
Throughout the Woods and waters clear,
for their disport and play:
The leaves aloft were gay and green
and pleasant to behold,
These Nymphs they walkt the Trees between,
under the shadow cold

2 So long at last they found a place
of springs and waters cleare,
A fairer Bath their never was
found out this thousand yeare:
Wherein *Diana* daintily
her selfe began to bathe,
And all her Virgins faire and pure
themselves did wash and lave.

3 And as the Nymphs in water stood,
*Acteon* passed by
As he came running through the Wood,
on them he cast his eye,
And he behold their bodies bare,
then presently that tide:
And as the Nymphs of him were ware,
with voyce aloud they cry'd.

4 And clos'd *Diana* round about
to hide her body small
Yet she was highest in that rout,
and seene above them all.
And when *Diana* did perceive
where *Acteon* did stand,
A furious look to him she gave,
And took her Bow in hand;

5 And as she was about to shoot,
*Acteon* began to run
To bide he thought it was no boot,
his former sights were done:

And as he thought from her to escape,
she brought it so to passe,
[Inc]ontinent [1] she chang'd his shape
[ev]en [1] running as he was.

6 Each Goddesse took *Diana's* part
*Acteon* to transforme
To make of him a huge wild Hart
there they did all determe:
His skin that was so fine and faire,
was made a tawnie red,
His Body overgrowne with haire,
from foot unto the head;

7 And on his head great hornes were set,
most monstrous to behold,
A huger Hart was never met,
nor seen upon the Mould;
His eares, his eyes, his face full faire,
transformed were full strange,
His hands for feet compelled were
throughout the Wood to range.

8 Thus was he made a perfect Hart,
and waxed fierce and grim,
His former shapes did cleane depart
from every joynt and limb:
But still his memory did remaine,
although he might not speake,
Nor yet among his friends complaine,
his wofull mind to breake.

9 At length he thought for to repaire,
home to his dwelling place;
Anon his Hounds of him were ware,
and gan to try a pace:
Then *Acteon* was sore agast,
his Hounds would him devoure,
And from them then he fled full fast,
with all his might and power;

[1] Torn.

10 He spared neither Bush nor Brake,
but ran through thick and thin,
Withall the swiftnesse he could make,
in hope to save his skin:
Yet were his hounds so neare his tayle,
and followed him so fast,
His running might not him availe,
for all his speed and haste.

The second part, to the same tune.

11 FOr why his Hounds would never lin,
till him they overtook,
And then they rent and tore the skin,
and all his body shook;
I am your Master *Acteon*
then cry'd he to his Hounds,
And made to them most rufull moane,
with shrill lamenting sounds.

12 I have been he that gave you food,
wherein I did delight,
Wherefore suck not your masters bloud,
his feiendship [*sic*] to requite:
But those Curres of a cursed kind,
of him had no remorse
Although he was their dearest friend,
they pul'd him downe by force.

13 There was no man to take his part,
the story telleth plain:
Thus *Acteon* formed like a Hart,
amongst the Dogs was slaine.
You Hunters all that range the Woods,
although you rise up rath,
Beware you come not neer the Floods
where Virgins use to bathe.

14 For if *Diana* you espy
among her Darlings deare
Your former shape she shall disguise,
and make you hornes to weare.

And so I now conclude my Song,
having no more to alledge,
If *Acteon* had right or wrong,
let all faire Virgins judge.

The subject of No. 9 comes, of course, from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, III, 138–252. It is used also in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, where one of the poems (p. 65) is called "The Louer wisheth himselfe an Harte in the Foreste, (as Acteon was) for his Ladyes sake." Allusions to the ballad of "Diana and her darlings dear" are too numerous to be mentioned here. See, for example, Richard Brome's *Damoiselle*, V, 1, and *The Jovial Crew*, III (*Dramatic Works*, Pearson's reprint, I, 455; III, 396)

720. *liuelie*. Warm and vigorous. "And I of lyuely breath, the last shall spend," — *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 142.

## *No. 10, Line 758*

This unfortunately fragmentary ballad was almost certainly in print before 1566. It is one of very many imitations of William Elderton's "The Pangs of Love and Lovers' Fits" (J. P. Collier's *Old Ballads*, p. 25, Percy Society, vol. I; Collmann's *Ballads*, No. 39), the first stanza of which runs thus:

Was not good kyng Salamon
Ravished in sondry wyse,
With every livelie Paragon
That glistered before his eyes?
If this be true, as trewe it was,
Lady! lady!
Why should not I serve you, alas,
My deare lady?

Elderton's ballad was registered for publication in 1558–59 (Arber, I, 96), and was perhaps the most popular ballad written during Queen Elizabeth's reign. Abundant proof of this popularity is given in my article on "William Elderton," *Studies in Philology*, XVII (1920), 201. No. 10 may be one

of the imitations of "The Pangs" that were entered at Stationers' Hall in 1561–62 and 1564–65 (Arber, I, 181, 270).

The tune of Elderton's ballad is unknown but is usually called simply *King Solomon*.

The first part of the ballad evidently dealt with a version of the "love-juice story" Shakespeare has familiarized in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. The second part, summarized (indirectly, no doubt) from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, III, 339–510, deals with the story of Narcissus. Echo is not mentioned.

760. *Lady Venus grace*. *Venus* is a genitive without ending. Other examples occur in lines 988, 1083, 1269, 1620, 1857.

766. *Ladies mercilesse*. That is, lady's mercilessness; though *Ladies* may be a misprint for *Ladie*, and *mercilesse* an adjective.

783. *he died*. *Read* she died.

816. *Did use themselves*. Practise (or habitually exercise) themselves.

835. *drinke their owne disease*. Figurative, as in Chaucer's *Troilus*, III, 1035, — "But goodly drinketh up al his distresse," — and the *Franklin's Tale*, line 214, — "Withouten coppe he drank al his penaunce." Cf. also "Thus dranke I all mine owne disease," — *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 147. There is a pun on *disease* (sickness) and *disease* (not at ease).

*No. 11, Line 839*

A careful reading of the first two stanzas (especially lines 841–2, 850–1, 856–7) shows beyond any reasonable doubt that No. 11 is the ballad of "a harte Declarynge his heavenes wyshyng that yt were knowen" which Richard Jones registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 297), several months before he registered the *Pleasant Sonnets*. I. [John?] Tomson (the author also of No. 13) is too common a name to be confidently identified. The tune is apparently not known, though it may have been connected with "the tune of Siselia" to which

"the tru Reporte in the prayse of my mistres," a ballad registered in 1569–70 (Arber, I, 403), was to be sung.

840. *Pavin.* A pavan was a stately costume dance. The figures for it, says Thomas Park, are described in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 108.

876. *the storie saith.* The story in this case was Robert Henryson's *Testament of Creseyde*, which, since it was found in all the collected editions of Chaucer, was generally thought to be Chaucer's own work. See my article on "The Troilus-Cressida Story from Chaucer to Shakespeare," *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*, XXXII (1917), 383–429. Cf. line 1274.

897. *Read* ¶ Therefore.

### *No. 12, Line 911*

The tune of *The Painter* is apparently unknown: the identification proposed in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 161, is untenable. It took its name from a ballad of "ye paynter in his pryntyshod" that was registered by Alexander Lacy in 1565–66. Moralizations of "The Painter" were registered in 1566–67 and 1568 (Arber, I, 297, 331, 380). In John Pikering's *Horestes*, 1567 (A. Brandl's *Quellen des Weltlichen Dramas in England vor Shakespeare*, 1898, p. 517), one of the stage directions is: "Enter the Vyce, synginge this song to ye tune of 'the Paynter'." The Vice sings four stanzas, the first of which runs thus:

> Stand backe, ye slepinge iackes at home,
> And let me go.
> You lye, syr knaue; am I a mome?
> Why saye you so?
> Tout, tout, you dare not come in felde,
> For feare you shoulde the goste vp yelde.
> With blose he gose, the gunne shot flye,
> It feares, it seares, and their doth lye.

No. 12, then, could have been, and probably was, in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*.

940. *Least flinging fancies.* 'Lest unruly (or inconstant) whims or caprice.'

### *No. 13, Line 957*

"A boke intituled *Perymus and Thesbye*" was licensed to William Griffith in July, 1563 (Arber, I, 215), and a ballad on this story would naturally have followed the book. No. 13, then, could have been, and probably was, in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. The story itself was familiar through its appearance in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*. Later versions in Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, IV, 55–166, in 1567, and "The History of Pyramus and Thisbie truely translated," a poem in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, pp. 127–147, made the story more popular still; so that there was considerable point to Shakespeare's burlesque in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. That Shakespeare did burlesque the ballad on the *Pyramus-Thisbe* song is the contention of Georg Hart in his *Pyramus- & Thisbe-Sage*, 1891, pp. 22–23. The metre, he shows, is the same.

On the tune see No. 2, above; on the author, No. 11, above.

988. *Minus.* That is, *Ninus'*. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III, i, 99, Flute calls him "Ninny."

995. *to viewd.* An odd perfect infinitive for *to 'a' viewed.*

### *No. 14, Line 1050*

The tune, which is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, II, 793 (cf. also Malone's Variorum *Shakspeare*, XVII, 424–426), comes from the title of a ballad, "Callin o custure me," that was "tolerated" to John Allde on March 10, 1582 (Arber, II, 407). Accordingly, No. 14 cannot have been in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*.

"Calen o Custure me" (as line 1051 has it) is supposed to be a corruption of "Cailín óg a stór" (meaning "Young girl, O treasure"), a popular Irish song. In *Henry V*, IV, iv, 4, Shakespeare makes Pistol address a Frenchman thus: "Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman?" —

an obvious allusion to the original Irish ballad on which No. 14 was modelled (cf. Anders, *Shakespeare's Books*, pp. 169 f., 268) or, perhaps, to No. 14 itself.

No. 14 was first reprinted in Evans's *Old Ballads*, I (1810), 119.

1079 f. 'Although the looks of my love are flames that burn me (with unrequited passion), yet I wish I were nearer to the flames.'

1090. Unintelligible.

*No. 15, Line 1096*

William Griffith registered a ballad called "mayde Will you mary moralyzed" in 1570–71 (Arber, I, 437). This entry perhaps indicates that No. 15, the original ballad, was printed at a date nearer to 1570 than to 1566, although, of course, the entry may have been merely a reissue of the moralization.

*The Black almain* is the tune of a ballad by Stephen Peele (Collmann's *Ballads*, No. 65). "Almains" (dances, or dance-music in slow time, now called *Allemandes*) were very common (cf. No. 31, below). In John Phillip's comedy of *Patient Grissell*, 1566, sig. E ii, the Marquis sings a ballad "to the tune of the latter Almain." In Anthony Munday's *Banquet of Dainty Conceits*, 1588 (*Harleian Miscellany*, ed. Park, vol. IX), there are ballads to the tunes of the *Masker's Allemaigne, commonly called the Olde Allemaigne*, the *Venetian Allemaigne*, *Allemaigne Measure*, the *Scottish Allemaigne*, and *Mounsieures Allemaigne*.

Three stanzas of the ballad, all slightly changed, are reprinted from a spurious MS. in Collier's *Extracts*, II, 6–7. On this MS. see my note in the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XVIII (1919), 53; the *Academy*, IX, 313, XXVII, 170; and *Notes and Queries*, 8th S., VII, 386.

1099, 1101. *to wed a, maidenhed a.* In his *Discourse of English Poetry* (1586) William Webbe sneered at "ryming Ballet makers and compylers of sencelesse sonets" who can

"perhappes obserue iust number of sillables, eyght in one line, sixe in an other, and there withall an A to make a iercke in the ende."

1110. *be.* Read *do* for the sake of rhyme.

1127. Proverbial. "We have fished fair, and caught a frog" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 467). Cf. Chaucer's *Troilus*, II, 328: "than have ye fisshed faire." See further Heywood's *Woorkes*, 1562, Spenser Society ed., p. 26; *The Firste Parte of Churchyardes Chippes*, 1575, Collier's reprint, p. 33; Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, p. 318.

1131 f. 'Guarding you and hindering you from reassuming your natural (wanton) manner (as Argus watched and hindered the heifer Io).'

1134 f. Proverbial. "Though the cat winks a while, yet sure she is not blind" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 416). Cf. Rowlands, *A Crew of Kind Gossips*, Hunterian Club, p. 20: "The Cat oft winkes, and yet she is not blinde." See line 1496.

1146. *trap.* Read *traps* for the sake of rhyme.

1160. *from that I haue said.* "From that that (or which) I haue said" would suit the metre better.

1168. *leek you.* Like (love) for yourself.

### *No. 16, Line 1170*

This is a moralization of William Elderton's famous ballad, "The Gods of Love" (cf. Collmann's *Ballads*, No. 7), which was printed in 1562, but which survives only in the snatch sung by Benedick in *Much Ado*, V, ii, 26:

> The god of love,
> That sits above,
> And knows me, and knows me,
> How pitiful I deserve.

See the discussion in my "William Elderton," *Studies in Philology*, XVII, 203 ff. Very many imitations and moralizations of Elderton's ballad were printed before 1566, and

it is altogether probable that No. 16 was in print by that date.

1178. *Paul.* See 1 Corinthians, vii. Cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1638 ed., p. 566): "Marriage replenisheth the earth, but virginity Paradise, *Elias*, *Eliseus*, *Iohn Baptist* were Bacchelours, virginity is a pretious Iewell, a faire garland, a never fading flowre, for why was *Daphne* turned to a green Bay tree, but to shew that virginity is immortall?" See also John Phillip, *Patient Grissell*, 1566, sig. B iii.

1207. The question-mark should be a period.

1212 f. 'But it is hard to find a hundred in twenty — and just so hard is it to find a chaste woman.'

*No. 17, Line 1214*

Richard Jones registered this as "a ballett intituled *ye lovynge Wormes comme learne of me*," in July, 1565 (Arber, I, 293). Not knowing that fact, R. W. Bond reprinted the ballad — which contains an extraordinary number of wise saws and proverbs — among the early poems of John Lyly (*Works*, III, 465), and in marginal glosses called attention to resemblances between the ideas and phraseology of the ballad and Lyly's acknowledged work. Bond (p. 438) declares that "few, I believe, will be found to question the correctness of my attribution of . . . *A Warning for Wooers*" to Lyly. As Lyly was a mere lad when No. 17 was first printed, the attribution cannot, of course, be considered. "You loving Wormes that linked be in Cupid's clogging chain" is the beginning of "A Lover bewailing the Absence of his Love. To the tune of, *Where is the Life of late?*" in *The Garland of Delight*, 1681, Song XXVIII.

In his *Memoranda on Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 70, Halliwell-Phillipps says that the name of Shakespeare's comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost*, may have been suggested by lines in our ballad.

The tune is not known to me. The only ballad title that resembles it is "Sutle Simon or Simon the Sutle of Salisbury

plaine," but this was a late ballad, registered on December 19, 1637 (Arber, IV, 402).

Five stanzas of No. 17 were reprinted in George Ellis's *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 3d ed., II (1803), 399; seven stanzas in *Censura Literaria*, VI (1808), 259–261.

To the same measure and in the same proverbial phraseology as No. 17 was written "a ballett intituled of *lyngerynge Love*" that was registered by William Griffith in 1563–64 (Arber, I, 238), and that is preserved in MS. Cotton Vespasian A. XXV (ed. Boeddeker, II, 211) and in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 148. From the latter manuscript Bond (p. 463) has printed the ballad, which, like No. 17, he wrongly attributes to Lyly. The first stanza runs thus:

> In lingeringe Loue mislikinge growes,
> Wherby our fancies ebbs and flowes:
> We love to day, and hate to morne,
> And dayly wher we list to scorne.
> Take heede therfore,
> If she mislike, then love no more:
> Quicke speed makes waste,
> Loue is not gotten in such haste.

1232. Cf. Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Tunicius's *Niederdeutsche Sprichwörtersammlung*, p. 99, No. 1234: "Arstedye kumt to late als de kêrl dôt is. Vita defuncto sero medicamina fiunt." Also Chaucer's *Troilus*, V, 741–742:

> But al to late cometh the letuarie
> Whan men the cors un-to the grave carie.

1234. Cf. Chaucer's *Troilus*, III, 855–861.

1237. Cf. "Whan the grete Stiede Is stole, thanne he taketh hiede, And makth the stable dore fast," — Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, IV, 901–903; "Whan the stede is stolyn to shyt the stable dore," — Barclay, *The Ship of Fools*, ed. Jamieson, I, 76; "But I, alas! when steede is stolin, Doo shut the stable dore," — *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, ed. Halliwell, p. 55; "Quant en a le cheval perdu A tart va l'en fermer l'estable," — *Roman de Galerent*, lines 1453–1454;

"To late . . . is . . . Whan the stéede is stolne shut the stable durre," — John Heywood's *Woorkes* (1562), Spenser Society ed., p. 21. See also Richard Hill's *Songs* (*ca.* 1536), ed. R. Dyboski, 1907, p. 128, and George Turbervile's *Tragical Tales* (*ca.* 1574), 1837 reprint, p. 282.

1240. Proverbial. "Had I wist was a fool" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 160). A poem in the *Paradise*, p. 13, is entitled "Beware of had I wyst." Cf. "Beth wele war before, and thenk of *had I wyst*," — *Archæologia*, XXIX, 341; "Be war of haddywyst," — *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* I, 74, 77; "Thus fulofte hirself sche skiereth And is al war of 'hadde I wist,'" — Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, II, 472–473; "And lok thou thynk of had-i-wyst,"— Wright, *Songs and Carols*, Percy Society, p. 24; "Thanne is to late to sey, if I had wiste," — anon., in Lydgate's *Minor Poems*, ed. Halliwell, p. 28; "Than may we synge of had y wist," — *Hymns to the Virgin*, ed. Furnivall, p. 80; "Most miserable man, whom wicked fate Hath brought to court to sue for had-y-wist, That few have found, and manie one hath mist!"— Spenser, *Mother Hubberds Tale*, lines 892–894; "Had I wist is a great fault," — Greene, ed. Grosart, VIII, 125; "Had I wist doth seldome serue as a blasone of good vnderstanding," — Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575 (*Works*, ed. Hazlitt, I, 15).

1241. See Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, p. 150; John Heywood, *Woorkes*, 1562, Spenser Society ed., pp. 7, 169; Thomas Mowntayne in J. G. Nichols, *Narratives of the Reformation*, p. 205. This proverb occurs also in the *Merchant of Venice*, II, v, 54; in *Les Proverbes del Vilain;* and in Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry* ("Washing").

1243. *times. Read* tunes.

1248. 'By means of Cupid's snares you shall overthrow him.'

1255. Proverbial. "Look ere you leap" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 279). Jasper Heywood has a poem called "Looke or you leape" in the *Paradise*, p. 134. Cf. "to loke afore we light," — *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 216.

1263. *rule the roste* (roast). To be master. Cf. *2 Henry VI*, I, i, 109.

1266. Proverbial: "Experto crede." Cf. Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 459, "Try the ice before you venture upon it;" "Trye before you trust," — *Paradise*, p. 38; "Be constant to them that trust thee, & trust them that thou hast tried,"—Lyly's *Euphues and His England* (*Works*, ed. Bond, II, 149).

1269. 'Instead of the skill of Pallas and the strength of Juno he chose that which bred,' etc.

1275. *Romeus*. A book called *The Tragicall history of the Romeus and Juliett with sonettes* was registered in 1562–63 (Arber, I, 203). This was by Arthur Brooke; Richard Tottel printed it, and reprinted it in 1582. No ballad seems to have been written on this story until August 5, 1596 (Arber, III, 68), and for that ballad Shakespeare's tragedy was without doubt the source.

1276. *Piramus*. See No. 13, line 957.

1277. *Iphis*. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XIV, 698. The first ballad on this subject seems to have been printed in 1569–70 (Arber, I, 403): "the vnfortunate ende of Iphis sonne vnto Teucer kynge of Troye." "The Pangs of Love" (cf. No. 10, above) shows that Elderton knew the story in 1559; it is referred to also in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 104. Later Thomas Nashe (*Works*, ed. McKerrow, III, 67) spoke of "The storie of Axerex [Anaxarete] and the worthie Iphijs." Iphis and Hercules are twice linked together in Lyly's *Works* (ed. Bond, III, 567).

1278. *ridden be like Hercules*. A famous tale of Aristotle — Oriental in origin — tells how that philosopher was so besotted with love that to please his sweetheart he allowed her, much to the amusement of his pupil Alexander, to bridle him, got down on all fours, and was ridden by her. See Henri d'Andeli's *Lai d'Aristote;* the Middle High German *Aristoteles und Phillis*, ed. J. L. Campion, *Modern Philology*, XIII, 347 ff.; A. Borgeld, *Aristoteles en Phyllis*

(1902); Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, III, 87; A. Wesselski, *Mönchslatein* (1909), No. 128, pp. 167, 244–251. I accept Professor Kittredge's suggestion that the ballad-writer has inadvertently transferred this story to Hercules, who made himself ridiculous with Omphale, permitting her to carry his club and wear his lion's skin, while he (dressed in her clothes) plied the distaff. According to Lucian, Omphale even chastised him with her slipper, as if he had been a female slave. Mr. Kittredge refers me to a fifteenth-century collection of Spanish poems, *El Cancionero de Juan Alfonso de Baena*, in which a poem (No. 533) ascribed to Ferrant Sanchez Calavera transfers the story of Aristotle's being ridden to Hercules. He refers me also to Borgeld's *Aristoteles en Phyllis*, pp. 16–17, where the transference of the story from Aristotle to Virgil is discussed; and points out numerous references in English works which prove that the Aristotle story was well known in England before the date of the present ballad. — A ballad called "Herculis and his ende" was registered in 1563–64 (Arber, I, 236). What appears to be a line from it or a similar ballad is sung in Chapman's *May-Day*, IV, i.

1281. *Midas.* A ballad called "the mesyrable state of kynge Medas" was registered in 1569–70 (Arber, I, 401).

1289. *Of grasse commeth hay.* Proverbial. "Such men as you are Gentleman, who thinke greene grasse will neuer be drye Hay," — Lyly's *Euphues and His England* (*Works*, ed. Bond, II, 134).

1291. Proverbial. "Soon ripe, soon rotten" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 354). "Timely ripe is rotten too too soone," — Greene, *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay*, II, iii, 701 (ed. Collins, II, 37); "The proverbe olde is verified, soon ripe and soon rotten," — Preston, *King Cambises* (ed. Hawkins, I, 291).

1295. *Read* ¶ Some.

1298. *common folke vse common sport.* Perhaps this was the *motif* of the ballad called "The daylie exercise of ye comen

sort of men" that Edward Allde registered on August 1, 1586 (Arber, II, 450).

1299 f. Proverbial. "Sundry men are of sundry mindes, one looketh high as one y^t^ feareth no chips," — Lyly's *Euphues and His England* (*Works*, ed. Bond, II, 219); "For who so heweth ouer hye, The chippes wyll fall in his eye," — Hazlitt, *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry*, III, 177; "Hewe not to hye, lest the chips fall in thine iye," — Heywood's *Woorkes* (1562), Spenser Society ed., p. 67. See also Gower, *Confessio Amantis*, I, 1917 f., and Richard Hill's *Songs* (*ca.* 1536), ed. R. Dyboski, 1907, p. 129.

1310. *venom . . . tode.* Cf. *As You Like It*, II, i, 13, 'like the toad, ugly and venomous."

## *No. 18, Line 1319*

The tune derives its name from "a ballett intituled *All in a garden grene/ betwene ij lover's*" that was registered by William Pekering in 1565 and, under a briefer title, by William Griffith in 1568–69 (Arber, I, 295, 388). A ballad written to fit these entries occurs in Collier's spurious MS. (cf. No. 15, above), and is reprinted in his *Extracts*, I, 196. The genuine ballad, however, appears under the title, "A merrye new ballad, of a countrye wench and a clowne. To a fine tune," in Andrew Clark's *Shirburn Ballads*, 1907, p. 220. It begins:

All in a garden greene,
  where late I layde me downe
Vppon a banke of camemeyle,
where I sawe vpon a style,
  sitting, a countrey Clowne.

Each stanza has twenty-eight lines. Obviously the septenaries of No. 18 could not have been sung to the "fine tune" of this "All in a Garden Green." There must have been two tunes of this name, unless its use for No. 18 was due to an error on the part of the printer. The music given by Chappell, *Popular Music*, I, 110, for *All in a garden green*

does not fit the Shirburn ballad but can have been used for No. 18.

The first two stanzas of No. 18 were copied verbatim in MS. Ashmole 48, ed. Wright, p. 183, — convincing proof (cf. the introductory notes to No. 2) that the ballad had appeared in print before the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets* was compiled. They run as follows:

My fancie did I fix
  In faithfull forme and frame,
In hope there should no bloustringe blast
  Have power to move the same;
And as the godes do knowe and world can witnesse bere,
I never served other saynt nor idole other where.

Since the date of *circa* 1566 is established for No. 18, it is certain that the ballad called "The Louer complayneth of his Ladies vnconstancy" in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, pp. 47 f., is a plagiarism of it, not *vice versa* (cf. the introductory notes to Nos. 4, 6, 19, 23, 27). With lines 1327–30, 1335–38, 1365–80, and 1391–94 compare the following stanzas from the *Gorgeous Gallery:*

[9]

And fixt on Fancyes lore,
  As world can witnesse beare,
No other saynct I did adore;
  Or Idole any whear

[10]

Ne will, no wo, or smart
  Could minde from purpose fet,
But that I had a Iasons harte
  The golden fleese to get.

[11]

Ne for my part I swere
  By all the Gods aboue,
I neuer thought on other fere
  Or sought for other loue.

[12]
In her the like consente
I saw ful oft appear,
If eyes be iudge of that is mente
Or eares haue power to heare.

[13]
Yet woordes be turnd to winde
A new found gest hath got
The Fort, which once, to vndermine
And win I planted shot.

[14]
Her freend that ment her well
Out of conceyt is quite,
While others beares away y^e^ bell
By hitting of the white.

[15]
In this our wauering age
So light are womens mindes,
As Aspen leafe y^t^ stil doth rage
Though aeole calme his windes.

1343. *Read* ¶ With.

1355. *Read* ¶ True.

1373. Proverbial. "Words are but wind, but blows unkind" (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 499). Cf. "Wordes are but wynde,"—Wager, *Marie Magdalene*, ed. Carpenter, p. 75.

1377. *Read* ¶ Her.

1381. *Read* ¶ He. *Beat the bush.* The *N. E. D.* gives many examples of this proverb, as "Many a man doth bete the bow, Another man hath the brydde," from the *Coventry Mysteries* (1400).

1385. Park suggests a reference to the game of hopscotch, but more probably a dance is referred to. Cf. Chaucer's *Troilus*, II, 1106 f.:

> "How ferforth be ye put in loves daunce?"
> "By god," quod he, "I hoppe alwey bihinde!"

See also Heywood's *Woorkes*, 1562, Spenser Society ed., p. 7.

### *No. 19, Line 1425*

The tune of *Raging love* indicates that this ballad had appeared in print before 1566. It takes its name from the first line, "When ragyng loue with extreme payne," of Lord Surrey's poem, "The louer comforteth himself with the worthinesse of his loue," in *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 14. Surrey's poem had been registered for publication as a broadside ballad in 1557, 1560–61, and 1561–62 (Arber, I, 75, 154, 177). It was also imitated by W. F.'s [William Fulwood's?] "A new Ballad against Unthrifts" — beginning "When raging louts, with feble braines" — that was registered in 1561–62 (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 153; Arber, I, 180). Like Nos. 4, 6, 18, 23, and 27, the present ballad was unblushingly plagiarized in the *Gorgeous Gallery*. "The Louer complayneth" (p. 47), for example, borrows from lines 1447–50 in the following fashion:

[17]

What paps did giue them food
That weue sutch webs of wo
What beast is of so cruell mood
That countes his freend for fo.

More striking still is the plagiarism in "The Louer wounded with his Ladies beauty craueth mercy," pp. 51–52. Compare, for example, lines 1451–68 with the following stanzas:

[3]

Like as the tender turtle Doue
Doth wayle the losse of mate,
In mourning weed, so spend I tyme
Lamentinge mine estate.
The night renewes my cares
When weary limmes would rest,
And dreadfull dreames abandon sleepe
Which had my greefes represt.
I drench my couch with teares
Which flow from gushing eyes,
A thousand heapes of hidden thoughtes
In minde I doo deuise.

[4]

Full often times it dooth mee good
To haunt and vew the place,
Where I receiued my wound, alas
By vewing of thy face.
Full oft it ioyes my hart
To kisse that clot of clay
From whence thou shot those louing lookes
Which bred my whole decay.
O blessed place I cry
Though woorker of my payne,
Render I craue most hartely
To mee my loue agayne.

The *Handful* ballad is, furthermore, frankly imitated by George Whetstone in "The complaint of a gentlewoman, being with child, falsely forsaken," a poem in his *Rocke of Regard*, 1576 (Collier's reprint, p. 127). With lines 1425 ff. compare Whetstone's second stanza:

Though reason would I shoùld refraine
His blame, my shame for to bewray,
Good ladies, yet my pinching paine
Injoynes mee here the truth to say,
Whose wretched plight and pensive state
Surmounteth farre Queene Didoes fate.

No. 19 is answered by No. 20.

1433 f. These lines are repeated in lines 1483 f.

1436. *stormes*. Apparently a misprint for *scornes*.

1481. *to my pay*. 'As a reward for love I have only deceit.'

1483 f. *here and after*. Identical in meaning with lines 1433 f.

*No. 20, Line 1487*

No evidence for dating this ballad can be found except that it appears to be an answer to No. 19 and, in that case, probably followed it immediately. R. W. Bond, "with some doubts," attributes the authorship of No. 20 to John Lyly

(*Works*, III, 440, 468). But he is not convincing (cf. the notes to No. 17, above).

Seven stanzas of No. 20 were reprinted in *Censura Literaria*, VI (1808), 258–259.

1489. Omit the comma after *deuise* and the meaning of the line becomes obvious.

1496. Proverbial. Cf. line 1134 n.

1511. *seemst to dim my sight.* Mr. Kittredge explains this as "one of the old (and rather baffling) uses of *seem* — which survives in the colloquial 'I can't seem to think,' 'I can't seem to do it.' The idea, approximately, is: 'In vain you try to dim'; or, more literally, 'you give yourself the appearance of dimming.'"

1512. Rowling (rolling) eyes were sometimes thought to be a sign of wantonness.

1530. *Belles.* The figure comes from falconry.

### *No. 21, Line 1531*

No evidence for the date of this ballad can be found.

The tune, *Kypascie*, derives its name from a dance, properly called *Qui passa.* William Elderton's "A proper newe Ballad sheweing that philosophers learnynges are full of good warnynges" (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 139), which was registered in 1568 (Arber, I, 384), was "songe to the tune of my Lorde Marques Galyarde, or the firste traces of Que passa." It has, however, a measure different from that of No. 21.

### *No. 22, Line 1568*

This ballad was in the edition to which the single leaf reprinted on pp. 73–75, above, belonged. If this leaf came from an edition earlier than that of 1584 (and that it did so seems to me certain), then the date of No. 22 is established. Otherwise, I find nothing to assist in dating it. The tune is unknown.

1578. *Palemon.* This reference (cf. also line 1619) to the

*Knight's Tale* is only another instance of the popularity of Chaucer.

1584 f. Cf. the *Æneid*, IV, 365–367:

> Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
> Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
> Caucasus, Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.

1589. *rent.* Rend. "The Bibles they did rent and teare," — Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 267; "And will you rent our ancient love asunder?" — *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III, ii, 215.

### *No. 23, Line 1602*

The tune of *Apelles* indicates that No. 23 had appeared before 1566. It is used for a song in Barnabe Googe's *Epitaphes*, 1563, and ballads to the tune were registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 298, 312). A later ballad (1569) to the same tune is in Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 56. That No. 23 had certainly appeared before 1578 is proved by the fact that a ballad in the *Gorgeous Gallery* borrows its title and most of its lines. The *Gallery* ballad (pp. 51 f.) runs thus:

[2]

In viewing thee I tooke sutch ioy
  As wofull wight in rest
Vntill the blinded boy I felte
  Assault my captiue brest.
And since that time alas
  Such pinching payne I taste
That I am now remedilesse
  If mercy make not haste.
For hid in deepe dispayre
  My teares are all my ioy,
I burne, I freese, I sinke, I swim
  My wealth is mine annoy.

[5]

Not wofull Monsier dom Dieg
  Or Priams noble sonne,
Constrayned by loue did euer mone
  As I for thee haue donne.

Sir Romeus annoy
But trifle seemes to mine,
Whose hap in winning of his loue
Did clue of cares vntwine.
My sorrowes haue no ende
My hap no ioy can spie,
The flowing Fountayne of my teares
Beginneth to waxe drie.

[6]

Let pitty then requyte my payne
O woorker of my woe,
Let mercy milde possesse thy harte
Which art my freendly foe.
Receiue the hart which heare
I yeeld into her hand,
Which made by force a breach in Fort
Which I could not withstande.
Thou hast in Ballance paysd
My life and eke my death,
Thy loyalty contaynes my ioy.
Disdayne will stop my breath.

[7]

If constant loue may reape his hire
And fayth may haue his due,
Good hope I haue your gentill hart
My grislie greefe will rue.
And that at length I shall
My hartes delight imbrace:
When due desart by curtesie,
Shall purchase mee thy grace.
Vntill which time, my deare
Shall still increase my payne,
In pensiue thoughtes and heauinesse
Because I shall remayne.

No. 23 was probably suggested by Sir Thomas Wyatt's poem, beginning "The liuely sparkes, that issue from those eyes," in *Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 34.

1620. *Pyramus*. A mistake for *Pryamus* (*Priam*). Contrariwise, the spelling *Priamus* for *Piramus* occurs in Elder-

ton's "Pangs of Love" (a ballad referred to in the introductory note to No. 10).

*No. 24, Line 1631*

From the tune it is obvious that this ballad could have been in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. To this tune was sung "A Newe Ballade of a Lover," licensed in 1563 (Lilly's *Ballads*, pp. 24, 278; Arber, I, 204). In John Phillip's *Patient Grissell*, 1566, sig. C 4, "Here Grissell Singith a songe, to the tune of Damon & Pithias." "A ballett intituled *tow* [sic] *lamentable songes Pithias and Damon*" was licensed in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 304). A song (evidently to this tune) on Damon and Pythias occurs in Richard Edwards's play of *Damon and Pythias*, 1564 (Dodsley-Hazlitt's *Old Plays*, IV, 43).

1641. *I waile oft times in woe.* This line, which seems to be imitated by line 1917, was itself most probably borrowed from the ballad called "the Cruẹltye of fortayne/ [beginning] I weepe for Woo and I Dye for payne" that Richard Hudson registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 293).

1653. *Susanna.* The story of Susanna and the Elders was the subject of a ballad registered in 1562–63 (Arber, I, 210). The ballad itself was enormously popular — Sir Toby Belch quotes the first line of it in *Twelfth Night* — and has survived in numerous, though rather late, copies (see the *Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 190).

1654. *Pancalier.* Accused of adultery by the Earl of Pancalier, the Duchess of Savoy (the King of England's sister) was delivered "by the prowesse and valiaunt combate of Don John di Mendozza, (a gentleman of Spaine)." The reference here undoubtedly came from Thomas de la Peend's metrical story of *The History of John Lord Mandozze*, 1565 (see *The British Bibliographer*, II, 523), or from William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, Book I, Novel 45. The story of the Duchess of Savoy had earlier been told by Boaistuau, Bandello, and Belleforest.

### *No. 25, Line 1672*

This ballad was certainly in print by 1566.

In MS. Ashmole 48, ed. Wright, p. 195, there is a ballad on Troilus and Cressida "To the tune of Fayne woold I fynd sum pretty thynge to geeve unto my lady" — a tune named from No. 25 — that was registered in 1565–66 (Arber, I, 300). Moralizations of No. 25, entitled "a fayne wolde I have a godly thynge to shewe vnto my ladye" and "fayne wolde I have a vertuous wyfe adourned with all modeste bothe mylde and meke of quyett lyf esteemynge chef hyr chastetye," were licensed in 1566–67 (Arber, I, 340, 342). Probably in imitation of No. 25, also, was written the ballad of "fayne would I haue and take no payne" that was registered on October 1, 1576 (Arber, II, 303).

The first reprint of this ballad was that in Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads*, I (1810), 122. The music of *Lusty gallant* is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 91.

A second copy of No. 25 is preserved in MS. Rawlinson Poet. 108, fol. 44, whence it is reprinted in my *Old English Ballads*, 1920, pp. 322–324. It has no title, is two stanzas (lines 1695–98, 1707–12) shorter than the printed version, and is of about the same date as the 1584 *Handful of Pleasant Delights*.

1679. The MS. has "I meane no hurt, I meane no harme."

1692. *gases*. That is, gazes = steady looks or "gapings." The latter is the word used in the MS.

1693. *gaping*. The MS. has *wandringe*.

### *No. 26, Line 1725*

There is no evidence for dating this ballad. Possibly it was suggested by No. 15, above, or by Sir Thomas Wyatt's poem called "To a ladie to answere directly with yea or nay" (*Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 41). The tune is apparently unknown.

1744. *you Louer.* *Read* your Louer.
1775. *Now.* *Read* ¶ Now.

### *No. 27, Line 1781*

The tune of *I loved her over well* (which is used also for No. 32, below) probably (as lines 1779, 1808, and 1825 show) derived its name from this ballad itself. It is pretty good evidence that No. 27 was in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. What seems to have been a reply to No. 27, a ballad called "a ffayrewell to Alas I lover [*sic*] you over well &c," was registered by William Griffith in 1567–68 (Arber, I, 362). No. 27 is imitated by passages in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 39, and accordingly was certainly in print before 1578. With lines 1810–17 and line 1819 compare these stanzas:

[10]
The wretched hound that spends his dayes,
And serveth after kinde:
The Horse that treadeth y^e^ beaten ways
As nature doth him binde

[11]
In age yet findes releefe,
Of them that did him wo:
Who in their great mischeefe,
Disdayne not them to know.

It may be worth adding that a poem purporting to have been written by John Harington to Isabella Markham in 1594 (*Nugae Antiquae*, ed. Park, II, 326) begins:

Alas! I love you overwell,
Myne owne sweete deere delygte!

1810. *Read* ¶ The hound.

### *No. 28, Line 1844*

The tune of *Rogero* is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, I, 93, but *New Rogero* seems to be unknown. To the latter tune were sung William Elderton's "Lamentation of Follie,"

which was printed after February 15, 1584 (Collmann's *Ballads*, No. 43; Collier's *Old Ballads*, p. 45, Percy Society, vol. I); and Arthur Bourcher's "A worthy Mirrour," dated 1589 (Collmann's *Ballads*, No. 10; Collier's *Old Ballads*, p. 92; *Roxburghe Ballads*, III, 87). From these facts it seems reasonable to suppose that No. 28 was added to the 1584 edition of the *Handful*.

### *No. 29, Line 1914*

This ballad was not in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. It was registered by Richard Jones on November 7, 1576 (Arber, II, 304), as "A woefull ballade made by master George Mannyngton an houre before he suffered at Cambridge castell 1576." From a manuscript source it was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1781 (LI, 36–37), whence it was reprinted in Joseph Ritson's *Ancient Songs from the Time of King Henry the Third to the Revolution*, 1792, pp. 150 ff. The chief variations between Ritson's reprint and the *Handful* version are given in the notes below.

No other ballad in the *Handful* was so popular as No. 29; none is more frequently alluded to. It was regarded as a "good-night," or last farewell, *par excellence*. The farewell addresses in lines 1949, 1959, and 1981 served as models for many other ballad-writers. Samuel Rowlands, in his *Melancholie Knight*, 1615 (*Works*, ed. Hunterian Club, II, No. xxiv, p. 37), speaks scornfully of "Thou scuruie Ballat of *I wale in woe*," and in his *Good Newes*, 1622, sig. B$^{v}$, he says: "*I waile in woe*, my Knight doth *plunge in paine*." The first line is sung by the Pedant in Joshua Cooke's play, *How a Man May Choose a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602, sig. E$^{v}$; is burlesqued in William Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, V, i, where Randall sings, "Hur wail in woe, hur plunge in pain"; and is named as a dance-tune in John Taylor the Water Poet's *An Armado, or Nauye of 103. Ships* (1627). It seems also to be imitated in the *Gorgeous Gallery*, p. 104: "They diue in dole, they plunge in payne." But more famous than these

is the elaborate parody of the song by means of which Marston, Chapman, and Ben Jonson resolved the plot of their comedy, *Eastward Ho* (1605), V, v, 43 ff. In that parody, —which often appears in ballad-books (like *Wit and Drollery*, 1661, pp. 100–102) without acknowledgment to *Eastward Ho*, — Jonson probably had the chief share. It runs thus:

*Quick.* It is in imitation of Mannington's, he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

*Friend.* So, sir!

*Quick.* To the tune of 'I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.'

*Sir Pet.* An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

*Quick.* *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,*
*Quicksilver, I did dwell of late;*
*I had a master good and kind,*
*That would have wrought me to his mind.*
*He bade me still, Work upon that,*
*But, alas, I wrought I knew not what!*
*He was a Touchstone black, but true,*
*And told me still what would ensue;*
*Yet woe is me! I would not learn;*
*I saw, alas, but could not discern!*

*Friend.* Excellent, excellent well!

*Gold.* [*aside to* Wolf] O let him alone; he is taken already.

*Quick.* *I cast my coat and cap away,*
*I went in silks and satins gay;*
*False metal of good manners I*
*Did daily coin unlawfully.*
*I scorn'd my master, being drunk;*
*I kept my gelding and my punk;*
*And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,*
*Who now is sorry for the same —*

*Sir Pet.* I thank you, Francis.

[*Quick.*] *I thought by sea to run away,*
*But Thames and tempest did me stay.*

*Touch.* [*aside*] This cannot be feigned, sure. Heaven pardon my severity! The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

*Gold.* [*aside*] How he listens, and is transported! He has forgot me.

*Quick.* *Still Eastward Ho was all my word;*
*But westward I had no regard,*
*Nor never thought what would come after,*
*As did, alas, his youngest daughter!*

*At last the black ox trod o' my foot,*
*And I saw then what long'd unto 't;*
*Now cry I, 'Touchstone, touch me still,*
*And make me current by thy skill.'*

*Touch.* [*aside*] And I will do it, Francis.

*Wolf.* [*aside to* Golding] Stay him, Master Deputy; now is the time; we shall lose the song else.

*Friend.* I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

*Quick.* How like you it, gentlemen?

*All.* O admirable, sir!

*Quick.* This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

*Friend.* Pray you go on, sir.

*Quick.* *O Mannington, thy stories show*
*Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow!*
*But I confess, I have not the force*
*For to cut off the head of a horse;*
*Yet I desire this grace to win,*
*That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,*
*And leave his body in the dust*
*Of sin's highway and bogs of lust,*
*Whereby I may take Virtue's purse,*
*And live with her for better, for worse.*

*Friend.* Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited!

*Quick.* Alas, sir!

*Touch.* [*coming to* Golding *and* Wolf] Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you. . . . Listen, I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

*Friend.* Forth, good sir!

*Quick.* This is the last, and the *Farewell.*

*Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade*
*Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;*
*Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,*
*And be you warned by my fall:*
*Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs;*
*Avoid them as you would French scabs.*
*Seek not to go beyond your tether,*
*But cut your thongs unto your leather;*
*So shall you thrive by little and little,*
*Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital!*

In the play of *Misogonus* (A. Brandl's *Quellen des Weltlichen Dramas*, p. 456) one of the characters sings a "songe to the tune of Labondolose Hoto," — beginning,

O mighty Jove, some pitty take
One me poore wretch for christis sake.
Greif doth me gripe, payne doth me pinch,
Willfull dispite my harte doth wrinch, —

which not only borrows Mannington's tune but also unmistakably imitates his style and diction. This imitation is important, for it makes conclusive the argument sometime ago advanced by Professor Kittredge (*Journal of Germanic Philology*, III, 339 ff.) that *Misogonus* was written, not in 1560, but about 1578. Mr. Kittredge argues that Laurence Johnson, B.A. 1573/4, M.A. 1577, of Cambridge, wrote *Misogonus;* and this indirect allusion to Mannington, who was hanged at Cambridge in 1576, serves to reinforce his argument.

The tune of *Labandalashotte* (*Labandalashot*) is used also for D. Sterrie's "A briefe sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles," 1586 (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 78), and for Thomas Deloney's "A New Song of King Edgar," *ca.* 1590 (*Works*, ed. F. O. Mann, p. 305). From the latter ballad, with its refrain of "call him downe a," it appears that both Mrs. Quickly (*Merry Wives*, I, iv, 44) and Ophelia (*Hamlet*, IV, v, 170) sang ballads written to this tune.

Alliteration is a noteworthy stylistic device throughout Mr. Mannington's song.

1917. *I waile in wo.* Cf. line 1641, note.

1920. *whereas. MS.* here as.

1926. *MS.* Such care my sillye soule doth keepe.

1927. *Yea. MS.* Yet.

1928. *youthful yeares. MS.* wicked wayes.

1929. *retch lesse* (cf. line 1967). Reckless. *race. MS.* care. The line means: 'I repent the reckless course of (my) careless (or care-free) nature.'

1934. *those. MS.* them.

1936. *he, thee. MS.* it, me.

1937. *nor. MS.* no.

1938. *No friendly sute. MS.* What so it be.

1943. *doom, my.* *MS.* dumpes, this.

1945. *And.* *MS.* The.

1949–58 are omitted in the MS.

1959. *friend.* *MS.* frendes. *where euer.* *MS.* wheresoever.

1962. *Thy, is.* *MS.* Your, lyeth.

1966. *MS.* Bene borne and bread of meaner state.

1972. *heard.* *MS.* heare.

1974. *runne the race where euer.* *MS.* knue the kace wheresoever.

1979 f. Referring perhaps to the Syrtes, or quicksands on the African coast of the Mediterranean.

1985. *God.* *MS.* Jove.

1987. *For.* *MS.* In.

1990. *please.* *MS.* pleaseth.

1997. *doth fleet.* *MS.* do flitt.

### *No. 30, Line 2003*

The tune of the *Nine muses* is unknown. It was used for the ballad "Of the horrible and wofull destruction of Sodome and Gomorra" (Lilly's *Ballads*, p. 125) that was licensed in 1570–71 (Arber, I, 439).

The title is misleading: it really should be "A Proper Sonnet of a Damsel Who Is Unkind to Her Faithful Lover," for it is a complaint made in the first person by a man against his faithless mistress. Possibly the obscurity of title was intentional, so that No. 30 would appear to be a new "delight."

No. 30 is a barefaced plagiarism from the Earl of Surrey's poem, "The louer describes his restlesse state" (*Tottel's Miscellany*, ed. Arber, p. 24). Surrey's poem runs as follows, the stanza in brackets being taken from a MS. version given in F. M. Padelford's edition of Surrey (1920), p. 52:

> As oft as I behold and se
> The soueraigne bewtie that me bound:
> The nier my comfort is to me,
> Alas the fresher is my wound.

As flame doth quenche by rage of fire,
And running stremes consume by raine:
So doth the sight, that I desire,
Appease my grief and deadely paine,
[Like as the flee that seethe the flame
And thinkes to plaie her in the fier,
That fownd her woe, and sowght her game,
Whose grief did growe by her desire.]
First when I saw those cristall streames,
Whose bewtie made my mortall wound:
I little thought within her beames
So swete a venom to haue found.
But wilfull will did prick me forth,
And blind Cupide did whippe and guide:
Force made me take my griefe in worth:
My fruitles hope my harme did hide.
As cruell waues full oft be found
Against the rockes to rore and cry:
So doth my hart full oft rebound
Ageinst my brest full bitterly.
I fall, and se mine own decay,
As on that beares flame in hys brest,
Forgets in paine to put away
The thing that bredeth mine vnrest.

This plagiarism indicates an early date for No. 30, and it seems probable that the ballad was in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. In his notes Mr. Padelford shows that Surrey's poem is "a mosaic of Petrarchian lines."

2008. *neer*. Comparative, nearer (as in the third line of Surrey's poem).

*No. 31, Line 2049*

There is no evidence for the date of this ballad. For the tune see the introductory note to No. 15.

2078. *Read* ¶ A thousand sighs to sēd (this phrase occurs also in *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 64; *2 Henry VI*, III, ii, 345; *Troilus and Cressida*, IV, iv, 41).

*No. 32, Line 2108*

The tune (cf. the introductory note on No. 27) indicates that this ballad was probably in the 1566 *Pleasant Sonnets*. The ballad was first reprinted in Thomas Evans's *Old Ballads*, I (1810), 340.

2116. *wo ho*. The cry of a falconer in calling a falcon back to the lure. Elizabethan dramatists used the cry continually: *e.g.*, *Hamlet*, I, v, 115 f.; Chapman's *Gentleman Usher*, V, i, 103; Jonson, Chapman, and Marston's *Eastward Ho*, II, i, 98; Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, I, ii, 238, IV, v, 8, 72, 75.

2122. *bending eies*. That is, eyes looking toward him. The falcon looks as if she were consenting, were coming to the lure, — but away she flies.

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rechlesse (retchless), *heedless, careless*, 1929, 1967
regard, *to be inclined to or desirous of*, 19 (*Printer to the Reader*); *care for* (*love*) *one*, 882
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sendall, *a thin rich silken material*, 544
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set about, *beset, entrap*, 917
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shent, *disgraced, ruined*, 1318
shinnes (shins), 1256
showes, *objects displayed*, 1707
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shrow, *shrew*, 1302, 2040
shrowd, *hide, conceal*, 491
sights, *pupils of the eye*, 743
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sith, *since*, 638, 1743, 2052
sithence, *since*, 676
slacking, *slackening, becoming less*, 345
slenderly (adjective), 895
smack, *kiss noisily*, 243
smart, *pain, anguish*, 231, 416, 640, etc.
"Smelling Nosegay, A," *81*
smirke, *smirking, smiling*, 644
snuffe, *show disdain*, 1154
"Sodom and Gomorrah, The Woeful Destruction of," *122*
sonet (sonnet), *a song, short poem, or ballad* (*never the rigid fourteen-line poem*), passim
sort, *class* (*of people*), 129, 1297; *manner*, 713 f.
space, *while, time*, 1879
sped, to be, *succeed in obtaining* (*a lover*) *for oneself*, 1103, 1108
speed, *prosper, succeed*, 1733
Spenser, Edmund, *83, 104*
spill, *destroy, ruin*, 1446, 1940
sprung, *produced*, 13
squats and flats, *used of a hart which squats or lies flat on the ground when pursued*, 922
stay, *restrain*, 673, 1608
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suspect, *suspicion*, 1862
suspected, *suspicious*, 1668
sway, to bear no, *exert no influence*, 1260
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then, *than*, 1731, 1840
tho, *then*, 1744
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throughly, *thoroughly*, 1424
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to, *as*, 1481; *for*, 91, 530, 1627
toad, a venomous, 1310 n.
tofore, *formerly*, 1670
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too too, *exceedingly*, 1927
toss the cup, *to drink* (*beer*, *wine*), 1283
*Tottel's Miscellany*, ix, xi, xv; ballads in, imitated in the *Handful*, *110*, *114*, *116*, *122;* cited, *86*, *97*, *104*
toyes (toys), *trifles*, *matters of no importance*, 1599, 1863
trace, *track or trail* (*of a hart*), 918
trade, *the tread of* (*Fortune's*) *wheel*, 1976
train, *followers*, 1971; *tail*, 2140
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vade, *fade*, *pass away*, 1025
vailes, *profit*, *gain*, 1288
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unneth, *with difficulty*, 1573
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use, *conduct oneself*, 104 n.; *practise*, 816 n.; *be accustomed*, 1303, 1311

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where, *whereas*, 413, 1157
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whereas, *where*, 1508, 1789, 1920
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white, hit the, *hit the center or mark at which an arrow is aimed, i. e., to succeed*, 1380
white as the milk, 559
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wiles (wills), *impels*, 1816
wish and have, to, 6 n. (*Printer to the Reader*)
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withouten (without), 16
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woe worth, *woe be to*, 1595
worms, *young people*, 1217
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wrack (wreck), *ruin*, 1399, 1596
wreathed, *encircling*, 1800

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ẇ, *with*, 864, 1271, 1593
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ẏ, *the*, 893
ẏ, *that*, 782, 824, 1100
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